

# THE



# DIAL

MAY 1924

## ELIZA IN CHAINS

BY E. M. FORSTER

IT is over three months since her dear ones at Blackheath have had any news from Eliza Fay<sup>1</sup>, the married sister who went to seek her fortune in the East. Their anxiety is extreme. Her last letter—bearing the date November 4th, 1779—was written at sea. Pious yet lively, like all her letters, it gave them a vivid account of the voyage from Suez, described the Captain, the insufficient food, the uncomfortable cabin, the defects of her husband, and the advantages of religion, and it severely satirized the other passengers. She had never seen such odious creatures as the other passengers. Thankful she was that in a few hours she would see them no more. A Mr Hare was the worst—a barrister with weak white eyes and a tireless tongue, who was jealous of the Fays because they too hoped to make money in India out of the law. But Mr and Mrs Tulloh were almost as horrible as Mr Hare—the man so vulgar, the woman so depraved, and never happy unless she was the centre of attention. Fortunately the voyage was over. Farewell confinement! The coast of Malabar was in sight, the sea calmer, her appetite better than ever, and her next would be dated from Bengal.

And then this terrible silence.

And when the letter does arrive, what oh, what are their feelings! It is more like a parcel than a letter, fifteen thousand words long—but one glance at the opening paragraph is enough. Eliza is in prison.

<sup>1</sup> I have described her Egyptian adventures in *Pharos and Pharillon*.

"Calicut, 12th February, 1780.

"My dear Friends,

"It was my determination never to write to you, during the state of dreadful Captivity in which we have long been held, but having hopes of a release, think I may venture to give you some account of our sufferings, which have been extreme, both in body and mind, for a period of fifteen weeks, which we have spent in wretched confinement, totally in the power of Barbarians.

"I must premise that, such is the harrassing confusion of my mind, and the weakness of my nerves, that I can merely offer you a simple statement of facts, and even that must necessarily be incorrect, for incessant anxiety and constant anticipation of more intolerable evils have totally unhinged my faculties. God knows whether I may ever recover them; at present all is confused and clouded. Anxieties about Mr Fay's capacities and prospects had long been as so many daggers piercing my vitals, and now even were the most brilliant success to crown our future views, never could I know comfort, till the blessed moment arrive when I shall clasp you all to my fond heart without fear of a future separation: except by that stroke, to which we must all submit, and which has been suspended over my head as by a single hair.

"But I forget that all this while you are impatient to hear how we fell into so distressing a situation; take then the particulars."

And starting with "the (to me ever memorable) 5th November" she unfolds her particulars—a tale of muddledom and misery that can have few parallels, even in the annals of Anglo-India. None of the actors are important, few of them are otherwise known to history, but the knots they tied themselves into are far more amazing and complicated than the exploits of princes and queens.

A prince was in the background—Hyder Ali of Mysore—"that fell tyger" as she calls him. When the innocent ship reached Calicut, intending to stop only a few hours there, Hyder Ali was more or less at war with the English, but the passengers did not know this, nor was he quite sure of it himself, being still less at war rather than more. The Governor of Calicut was also not quite sure; indeed during the whole of the three months an Oriental haze prevailed. Leaning over the bulwarks, its passengers gazed nervously at the shore. Why was the English flag not flying on the factory? Why did the natives row out in their little boats

and shout so savagely? Everyone asked these questions, no one could answer them. Mrs Tulloh was the only person to take a cheerful view; she hoped there would be a fight, she cried, she loved a fight, it was the next best thing to a shipwreck, and she had her chair carried on to deck in order to get a good view of the carnage. Such behaviour was repugnant to Eliza who went below, "not feeling myself inclined to brave horrors of this nature, for the mere love of exhibition," and prepared to tend the wounded. The Danish Consul came on board, with the news that his English colleague had fled, furniture and all, and he invited the passengers to put themselves under the protection of Denmark, until the status of the ship was settled, and she was allowed to proceed.

And now the quarrels of the voyage out bore their fruit. Whatever the other passengers did, Eliza and her husband always did the reverse—so that when Mr Hare and the Tullohs went on shore they naturally stopped on board. Five days passed, ominous and lonely. Over in the Danish Factory, the captain was fighting duels with the passengers, who demanded their fares back because he did not continue the voyage to Bengal. The natives grew bolder and tried to climb on deck out of their little boats. "Pho," said Mr Fay, "it is impossible they should mean any harm; are we not under the protection of the Danish flag?" But Mr Fay was wrong; indeed he was never right; error was the only constant element in his character. They did mean harm.

"'You must not be alarmed,' said he a few minutes later. 'I have news to tell you:—we are to have a hundred and fifty sepoy on board to night.' 'Sepoy; for what?' 'Why the English are coming to attack Calicut, and our Captain has promised the governor his assistance, who has sent these troops for our defence.' 'Oh, Mr F—,' replied I, 'this is a very improbable story, for God's sake suffer them not to enter the ship if you can avoid, otherwise we are ruined.' However, being nearly destitute of Arms and Ammunition, what could we do but recommend ourselves to the Divine Providence, which I may truly say was never more earnestly solicited by me."

The sepoy was under an Englishman, who had the title of Captain and the features of a crow: a disgusting fellow named Ayres. He had begun life as a saddler's apprentice, and con-

tinued it as a highwayman; he was now in Hyder Ali's service, and claimed the ship for his government, since all the Europeans on shore were quarrelling and could not decide to whom it belonged. His men (Moplahs, no doubt) began to loot, rushing hither and thither through the vessel, while the wind rose and the darkness came on. About midnight they came to the door of the Fays' cabin and smashed and tore at the woodwork, and brandished their scimitars and yelled "Ao, ao"—the Hindustani for "come," a word which Eliza now heard for the first time, and which "made an impression on me that is indescribable: I can never hear it pronounced on the most common occasion without trembling!" Mr Fay replied that his wife was asleep, and the sepoy believed him for a time, as sepoy would, though they continued to shriek "Ao" and batter the panels. It occurred to one of them at last that the noise must have awoken the lady, and he cried out in broken English that he would murder her immediately unless she let him in. Mr Fay drew his sword at this, and swore that he would run the first man through the body who should presume to enter his wife's apartment; his words and gestures were both very fine. Death seemed inevitable, death rather than dishonour, and no doubt if the Fays had embraced it they would have received higher marks from historians. But they were minor characters, they did not want to die, and sheathing their sword they began to collect their possessions. They would have to join Mr Hare and the Tullohs in the Danish Factory after all. It was humiliating, but what else could one do?

Unable to get at their boxes, which were in the gangway where savages sat upon them, they desperately gathered together a few valuables, and prepared to run the gauntlet.

"Expecting a strict search and being desirous of rescuing something out of the general wreck, Mr Fay contrived to conceal our watches in my hair, having first stopped their going by sticking pins in their wheels; and the little money we possessed and what small articles I could take without exciting suspicion were concealed about my person. Thus equipped, I crawled out, *bent double* with fever, and in an instant the cabin was filled with sepoy. I must here pause and entreat my dear sister to imagine herself in my situation at that *dreadful* moment; for no language can I find that would do justice to my feelings.



"But when I came on deck, the scene which presented itself would have appalled the stoutest heart; mine already weakened by grief and apprehension could not withstand it. A sudden burst of tears alone saved me from fainting. The poor sailors were so distracted that many of them could scarcely be restrained from jumping overboard to escape slavery;—sometimes crying for their wages and asking their officers to pay them; who incapable of affording any consolation walked about like men bereft of reason; no wonder, since this fatal event would, to say the least, occasion them the loss of twelve months pay, exclusive of their private ventures."

Worse was to follow. The abominable Ayres ordered them to go on shore at once, without clothes or bedding, and when they were down in the boat the sepoys had the impertinence to throw fireworks at Eliza: "several half extinguished Blue Lights, the smoke of which from the rancid oil and the abominable rags used in their composition almost stifled me." The rain drenched her, the wind buffeted, the surf grew so high that the boat could not land, and she was obliged to transfer in mid-harbour into a canoe "scarcely bigger than a butcher's tray." From that receptacle, she was emptied violently upon the coast of Malabar, and so great was the shock of her arrival that a pin fell out of a watch in her hair. The sound of the ticking nearly drove her crazy. But the watch stopped again in a moment, for like herself it was drenched with the salt water. "Compare," she says to her dear ones, "compare this account with the many flattering conversations we have held together on the subject of my arrival in India. What a difference!"

Yes, what a difference. The expression is not too strong. India ought anyhow to be sunny, and full of elephants. She lay on streaming wet sand, under a tempestuous dawn, her boxes lost, her boat lost; her goose of a husband lay beside her, and before they could stagger to their feet they were arrested.

## II

Safe in the Danish Factory, the other passengers paid little attention to the Fays' misfortunes, and it was not till the afternoon that Mr Hare strolled round to condole. Meanwhile several additional disasters had occurred. They had been dragged into

the presence of the Governor of Calicut who had contemplated them for an hour without speaking, and finally muttered into his hookah that they were to be imprisoned in the deserted English Factory—a place without chairs, tables, or any beds except the floor. They were hurried there through the rain, amid the jeers of the populace. They fell asleep out of exhaustion, on a heap of rubbish, and awoke to find venomous reptiles all around them, “perhaps a hundred scorpions and centipedes. . . . Had I moved hand or foot what might have been the consequences?” When they had reached the climax of misery Mr Hare was announced, and made a long speech. He pointed out to them how excessively foolish they had been to stop upon the ship, because now everyone suspected them—Orientals are naturally suspicious and the Danish Consul himself had thought it strange. They would lose their luggage and probably be detained for weeks. He continued in a lighter vein:

“Endeavouring to turn our situation into ridicule, he offered to convey letters from us to Bengal; pretended to be in raptures with the fine view of the Sea from our Veranda which I hinted to him he might still have time to admire at his leisure, though he affected to be certain of leaving Calicut in a few hours. At length he concluded by advising me to address a *tender* memorial to Hyder Ally, whose general character for gallantry would not admit of his refusing any request made by a *fair* lady. This was wonderfully witty in the speaker’s opinion, as you may conceive how *fair* the lady in question looked. How a man could break a jest on a creature so bowed down by affliction, I know not; but I envy not his feelings.”

Mr Hare then withdrew, and hatched a hideous plot; he suggested to Ayres the renegade that the Fays should be sent up country and fed upon dry rice: “he will then be soon glad to enlist, I warrant you, the person in question not being of sufficient importance for the English to reclaim him solemnly: especially as he came out without leave.” The plot failed; indeed Mr Hare’s confidences ultimately led to his own downfall. For, anxious to impress the ex-highwayman, he boasted of his wealth and importance. Not for nothing had Ayres the appearance of a crow.

He listened to the description of the valuable luggage that remained on board, and he bided his time.

The Fays possessed about twenty-five pounds in sequins. They durst not keep money on them, lest they were searched; where then should it be concealed? Mr Fay had an idea, and of course it miscarried. When the visitor had retired, he took the watches out of his wife's hair, also the sequins, took the watches and the money, and stuffed the lot into an old glove, which he hid in a "snug place" on the verandah. The plan seemed sensible; but it reckoned without the Indian climate. During the night the verandah was twitched off the house by a monsoon and completely disappeared. It had flown like a magic pavilion in the arms of a jinn. The catastrophe was so unexpected and from the English standpoint so preposterous that Mr Fay collapsed. His wife pulled herself together, and began to think. She calculated the direction of the wind, and it struck her that if she could get round to the other side of the house, the treasure might be recovered. Many sepoys were on guard, but they kept together, as sepoys will, partly to make a good show when the Governor passed, and partly for the sake of company. When they were not looking, and when Mr Fay was completely absorbed by his misfortune, she stole off and opened a back door. There was the flying verandah at rest in a little garden. The grass was high and wet, but she waded about, and in the midst of a deep tuft she found the glove, intact. What joy! But joy is ever followed by sorrow. She was so delighted with the garden, and so fond of fresh air that next day she took a walk in it for pleasure, was detected by the sentinel, and hurt herself against the door in the hurry of her retreat. She grew so unwell that even Captain Ayres pitied her. Her reflections became melancholy. Why was she imprisoned? On what charge? What harm had she done to Hyder Ally? And why, oh, why, had she ever left Blackheath? Yet she could not help being interested in India; it was an odious country, but a fascinating one, and in the depths of woe she still retained two priceless possessions: her belief in providence and her command of the epistolary style.

Providence took action after ten days' delay. Mr Hare, Mr and Mrs Tulloh, and the other passengers were dramatically dashed to the ground. They were arrested—the Danish Consul vainly protesting—they were marched with the usual contumely through

the streets of Calicut, and they were flung into the arms, or must we say the talons, of Mrs Fay.

"God forbid that I should generally speaking be capable of rejoicing in the miseries of my fellow creatures, even when they merit punishment, but I must own (blame me if you will) that for a short time I *did* feel satisfaction in this stroke of retributive justice. It was certainly a curious sight to behold them, after all their airs of superiority, reduced to take up their residence with us."

Providence was still a moral rather than a practical force. The arrival of the other passengers, however delightful to witness, increased the discomfort at the English Factory, and the disputes were continuous. "Ah, my dear sister" (she writes) "I was at this time ill enough to be laid upon a sick bed and carefully nursed, yet I was thankful for such food as I should once have loathed and I still continued to lie on my rattan couch, without a pillow or any covering except my clothes, and surrounded by people whom my very heart sickened to behold." And the weather remained appalling. Storms of rain and wind shook the house and danced the ship up and down in the bay. The Governor of Calicut could be seen walking on the beach, "anxiously watching the vessel, praying to Mahomet, and from time to time casting up the sand towards Heaven," for if she was wrecked he would be punished by Hyder Ali. All the luggage remained aboard, and the other passengers, less hardened to the blows of Fate, hoped to regain their belongings when the sea calmed. Eliza knew better. She awaited the *dénouement* with cynicism.

By the time the boxes were landed at the custom house, everyone, including the Governor, had forgotten whether there was a war with England or not. The passengers were guilty of some crime or other, that was all that he remembered, and Ayres had told him they were very rich. He ordered them to unpack everything in his presence. The Fays had nothing to unpack. What the sepoys had not stolen the water had spoilt. But Hare and the Tullohs, who had kept most of their stuff in the hold, had the pleasure of seeing it again for a few moments. Which articles, the Governor inquired, did they claim as "personal"? If they answered calmly, the article was sometimes handed over to them,

if they showed emotion, it was always confiscated. When Mr Hare's turn arrived, he was in a ludicrous state. "Not a single toothpick case, knife, or knee buckle was produced but what he declared had been received as a pledge of friendship from different relations; parents, brothers, sisters, male and female cousins to the utmost verge of propinquity, all put in their claims, while Eliza like a disembodied and avenging spirit watched his pangs. She particularly relished the tragedy of the Venetian fiddle strings. Poor Mr Hare (for he is poor by this time) appears to have been musical, and when the packet of strings appeared, he burst out to Tulloh, who did the interpreting: "For heaven's sake, my dear friend, oh, for heaven's sake endeavour to preserve this parcel for me, for should it be taken I am an undone man for I shall never be able to replace the contents; let them take my clothes, my law books, every thing except this." The governor ordered the packet to be opened, and thought the owner had gone mad. And a shriek of despair arose from Hare, for "the remorseless waves (which are neither respecters of persons or things) had pervaded this invaluable treasure, and rendered it wholly useless." And the violin, for which the strings were intended, was in even worse plight, for one of the soldiers had stamped through it. "I leave you to form what ideas you may think proper on the subject of the extravagant sorrow such a character was likely to exhibit, and pass on to matter more interesting." So will we, for she is going a little too far.

## III

All this time Mr Fay had in his pocket a letter of introduction to one of the leading merchants of Calicut. Why he did not present it at once is a mystery, but then so is most human conduct. When he and his wife were reduced to the last extremity of misery, and their fellow passengers levelled with them in the dust, this introduction occurred to his mind. It was to a Jew, and perhaps this had deterred him, for according to Eliza, "the Children of Israel often evince more acuteness than delicacy in their transactions." He applied to Captain Ayres for permission to go out and deliver it, and Ayres (for no one acts consistently) was sympathetic, spoke well of old Isaac, and bade him god-speed. The merchant received him kindly, and sent Mrs Fay a little present "which in our situa-

tion was truly valuable, consisting of a catty [*sic*] of fine tea, a tea pot, and a tea kettle." The present caused yet another quarrel in the Factory, for "although these things were expressly sent to me, yet Mrs Tulloh and her party seized the kettle and forcibly kept it, so that I was forced to make tea by boiling it in my pot." The intercourse with Isaac went no further for a time, but it was a comfort to know that there was one righteous man in that cruel and insane city, and if the ladies had not quarrelled over a tea kettle, they would have found something else.

An interval elapses.

"I will here by way of relaxation transcribe a few passages from my Journal, as nothing happened for some time worthy of a particular recital:—reserving to myself, however, the option of resuming the narrative style whenever I shall deem it necessary.

"23d November, 1779.—Mrs Tulloh being taken ill of a fever, application was made to the governor for medicines, but this happening to be a high festival, he, like the Pharisees in Scripture, refuses to profane it by doing good.—Should the woman die in the interim, what cares he?"

"25th November.—The governor sent fifty rupees to pay our debts, all of which Tulloh kept. Mem. the lady is better."

"30th November.—I have now a lamentable tale to relate. We were this morning hurried away at a moment's warning to the Fort, and crowded together in a dark place scarcely twenty feet square, swarming with rats, and almost suffocating for want of air. Mr and Mrs Tulloh secured a small room for themselves, but my husband and I were obliged to pass the night among our companions in misery—rats continually gnawing the feet of my couch, whose perpetual squeaking would have prevented sleep had our harrassing reflections permitted us to court its approach. . . ."

And, resuming her narrative style, she goes on to describe a loft up above, which she thought would be better than the common room, but which proved to be worse, for there were bats in it as well as rats. Her husband again collapsed, and shrieked in the night that he was being attacked by evil spirits; she "could not help laughing," for however much she suffers she never loses her sense of the ludicrous, and it is this, that gives distinction to her character, and rescued her from oblivion.



The passengers had been transferred to the Fort in order to release the sepoys who were guarding the Factory. Some war or other seemed probable. Robbed of everything, they were becoming an expense to the Governor, as the entries in Mrs Fay's Journal show. The law of diminishing returns was at work, and since he did not intend to kill them, he was faced with the desirability of letting them go. Hare and Company got passports with a little difficulty, and on December 16th set out in palanquins for Seringapatam. They took with them all they could loot out of the common stock, and though they left the tea kettle behind, it was because their servant forgot it. The Fays, instead of rejoicing in their departure, were much upset—for human nature begins to go queer after a month in prison. To do whatever Mr Hare did instead of what he didn't do, was now their aim; to be left alone seemed the supreme evil. Claiming an audience with the Governor, Mr Fay demanded passports, and because they were not ready became hysterical and attempted to hit his tormentor off the bolster where he squatted. Naturally he remained unpopular; indeed it is clear that much of the Fays' troubles in the East proceeded from their own rudeness and ill-breeding. No passports could be granted now; the Governor remarked with dignity that the man was mad, and must remain in prison.

"26th December.—A very melancholy day passed yesterday—for your sakes as well as my own let me hasten to escape by skipping over the dangerous season of Christmas."

Thus runs the sad little entry; then the narrative style is resumed. Since passports were withheld, they determined to escape by bribing, and had Eliza been alone she would have succeeded, but Mr Fay bribed the wrong people. The money came from the English Governor of Tellicherry, who had heard of their plight, and sent them a considerable sum, which they promptly misapplied. They got into touch with two Portugese—Pereira, who was one of Ayres' officers, and Father Ricardo, a priest. The Father said it was perfectly easy to leave Calicut; one merely walked down to the beach, and got into a smuggler's sloop, and for a consideration he would arrange this. And Pereira undertook to let them out of the prison. The attempt was fixed for January 15th, and at first all went well,

"When it grew dark, Mr F put on a sailor's dress and I equipped myself in a nankeen jacket, a pair of long striped trousers, a man's nightcap, and over that a mighty smart hat with a pair of Mr F's shoes tied on my feet and a stick in my hand. . . . In this dress Mr F declared that I was the very image of my dear father, which highly gratified me. . . . I had tied the clothes we took off in a handkerchief; with that in one hand and brandishing my stick in the other, I boldly sallied forth."

She must have looked fine, but when she reached the shore no smugglers awaited her. The priest had played her false. They slunk back to prison, and had a terrific row with Pereira. He persuaded them to try a second time; again they disbursed money and were fooled, and disliking their complaints he went and denounced them to Ayres. Pereira seems the worst of the villains. But he too is a muddler, or he would be out of the focus of the story. When denouncing them, he got the date wrong. Ayres replied, "But that evening was my Birthday, and Fay sat with me over a bottle of wine, you are a fool." They were saved, but they meddled with smugglers no more.

And now good old Isaac the Jew began to bestir himself. We, living a hundred and fifty years after, wonder why he did not do something at once, but probably old Isaac knew what he was about; he resided at Calicut under Hyder Ali, and we do not. Moreover, we always expect the past to be more efficient and logical than the present; we simplify it, draw morals from the simplification, and call the outcome history. Eliza's letters are not history. They describe what happened—a very different matter. Old Isaac does not descend like a God from a Machine; he is just a benevolent dodderer, who manages something at last. In the beginning of February he secures an interview with the Governor (why did he not do this three months before?) and gets leave to send away the Fays in one of his boats to Cochin, where they have a splendid reception from his two wives, banquet amid gold plate and silver spittoons, and proceed at their leisure to Bengal. Their troubles disappear as mysteriously as they came; the Oriental haze vanishes, and we see, with an equal shock of surprise, the sun. Mrs Fay's next letter (dated from Cochin) is a great contrast to its enormous predecessor. It is a little paean of joy, a

lyric outpour, and the utmost resources of the English language are strained to do old Isaac proud.

"In whatever part of the world and in whatever circumstances my lot may be cast; whether we shall have the happiness to reach in safety the place to which all our hopes and wishes tend, or are doomed again to experience the anxieties and sufferings of captivity; whether I shall pass the remainder of my days in the sunshine of prosperity, or exposed to the chilling blasts of adversity, the name of *Isaac the Jew* will ever be associated with the happiest recollection of my life; and while my heart continues to beat and warm blood animates my mortal frame, no distance of time and space can efface from my mind the grateful remembrance of what we owe to this most worthy of men.

"Oh, my dear sister! how can I in the overflowing of a grateful heart do otherwise than lament that the name of this once distinguished people should have become a term of reproach! Exiled from the land promised to the seed of Abraham, they are despised and rejected by every nation in the world. Under such circumstances of mortifying contempt and invidious segregation it is no wonder that occasionally they are disposed to take advantage of those from whom they have endured so much, and it gives me therefore peculiar pleasure to record their good deeds, and to proclaim in my limited circle that a Franco and an Isaac are to be found among the posterity of Jacob.

"These sentiments are not overstrained, but the genuine effusion of a thankful heart; as such receive them."

She also gives her dear ones a little more information about the other actors. The Governor of Calicut, Ayres, Pereira, and Father Ricardo, all came before long to the violent ends they merited, while as for Mrs Tulloh, "She has now seen enough, poor woman, to satisfy her taste for adventures, for I am informed that her party took fifteen days to reach Seringapatam, and was then imprisoned twelve days more in a shed." As for Mr Fay, she brings him safely round to Calcutta, and she sets him up as a barrister there, but in a year or two she has to take a step that is regrettable rather than surprising: she comes back without him to Blackheath.

## HENRI MATISSE

BY THOMAS CRAVEN

THE brilliant artistry of Henri Matisse was comprehensively presented in a recent exhibition at the galleries of Joseph Brummer. This exhibition, with one exception, revealed the complete personality of one of the most distinguished painters of modern times; had *La Danse aux Capucines* of Living Art been included—the large canvas originally conceived as part of a frieze—we should have seen all that is significant in the impulses of the Frenchman's life. These pictures gave me, first and last, the rare and exhilarating impression of unity; in truth, so pronounced was this impression, that it seemed that no canvas could have been taken away without damage to the rest of the collection. In most exhibitions, both of past and present artists, we are conscious of the various influences at work on the struggling painter, of the presence of many personalities; at the Brummer Galleries we were confronted with but a single temperament, the serene and poetic mind of Henri Matisse. The unity I have spoken of did not arise from any similarity of theme or uniformity of subject-matter; it was the subtle and imaginative quality of an original approach to nature, of a thorough consistency of mood, and the lyric tranquillity of a man who has found great joy in creative labour.

It is characteristic of Matisse, now in his middle fifties, that throughout his many experiences—his student days with Moreau, his affection for Monet, Redon, and later for Cézanne, his visits to Africa, and his trials as a teacher—he has allowed nothing to corrupt the inherent poetry of his talent, or to lead him into fixed and doctrinaire methods; and any criticism ignoring this characteristic must necessarily be illiberal and incomplete. The poetic vision of Matisse is rich and plastic; the grace of his draughtsmanship masterly and inimitable. He alone, of all living modernists, encloses his sensuous visions within the boundaries of pure design. It is a wise beauty that he gives us, firmly tempered and perfectly poised. In his work we feel the gaiety and colour of life, and the

enthusiasm which springs from health, conviction, and extraordinary fluency of expression. To a sophisticated curiosity that is never merely clever or mechanistically striking, he has added a remarkable gift for unexpected combinations of balancing colours, and a perception of linear rhythms which is, perhaps, his greatest charm. I hardly need say that the lyric character of his pictures has nothing in common with Impressionism; nor has his poetry any relation to the literary aspirations of the English sentimentalists. Artists like Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Watts, endowed with British inventiveness, strove to translate their literary dreams into paint; they were subservient to the physical beauty of the model; they gathered together the properties of legend and balladry, and produced what is, after all, only a high form of illustration. Matisse's poetry is supremely pictorial, an inseparable element aesthetically important because it helps to fuse his direct experiences into coherent patterns.

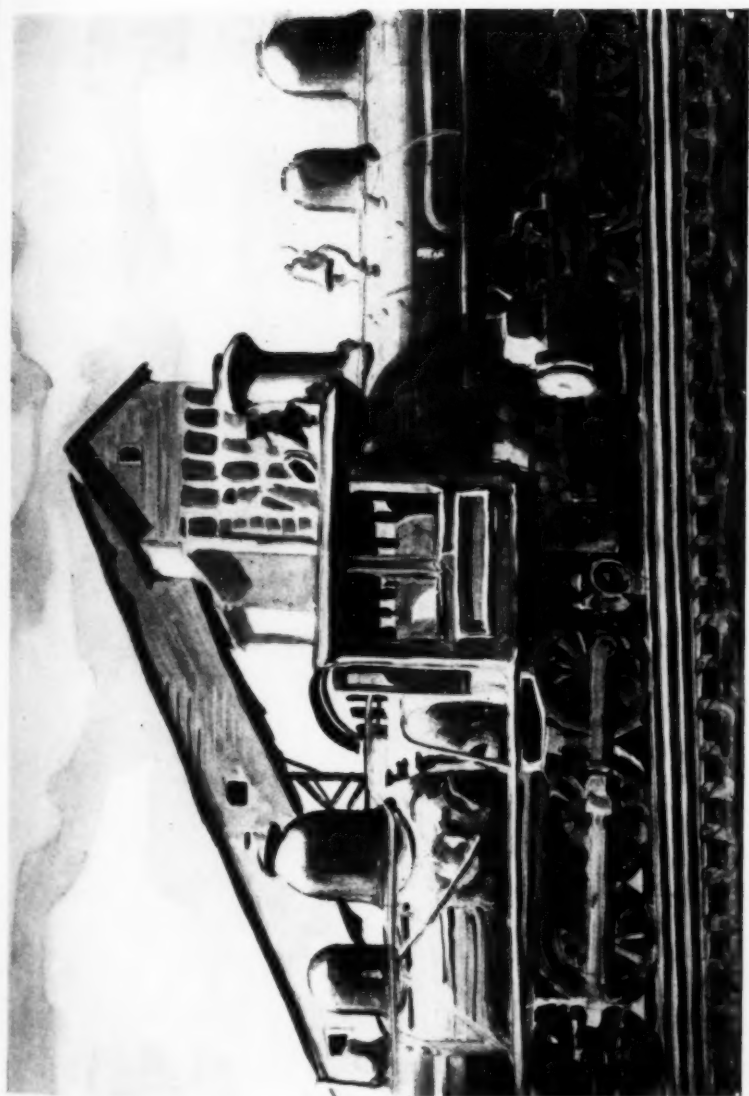
Matisse is a great artist—not so profound in purpose, I think, as Courbet, Delacroix, and Cézanne, not a composer of the carefully resolved structural sequences of the old Florentines, but in his own way unrivalled. Active in several media, he is primarily a painter of decorations, and in this capacity has contributed to art an original and amazing form of expression. To differentiate the living character of his unique canvases from the static lifelessness of other modernists aiming at decoration, we may say, in general terms, that his work possesses a soul. More specifically, it exemplifies a direct contact with the living model, and a prodigious ease in expressing that contact. By transferring the elements of *genre*-painting to the field of decoration, Matisse has created a type of form hitherto unknown to art. The charm of fruits, colours, and buoyant nudes has been converted into plastic silhouettes which might be enlarged or diminished without altering their intrinsic appeal. Even the smaller pieces, distinctly *genre* in their approach, have a spatial fullness and a simplicity of mass which suggest murals and ancient book illuminations. The strict adherence to natural types, that is, to the simple, every-day character of the model, is so startling an innovation in a decorative style that one is fairly carried away by it. On the other hand, the inventiveness which has always been associated with decorative painting, whether flat or recessive, is conspicuously absent. In its

place we have what seems to be a genius for arrangement and proportioning; in fact the whole decorative scheme of Matisse's pictures depends upon a sort of re-proportioning of objects.

The intellectual designer who has been trained in classic methods, who has inherited the complex, tectonic planning of the Florentine spirit, moulds our visible world into an abstract conception, and when his composition demands it, is capable of laying violent hands upon nature. The frank acceptance of objectivity is swept aside by knowledge, precise intentions, and accumulated observation; his art is aloof, and as often as not, sombre and tinged with an over-stressed idealism. We discover none of this in Matisse. Everything he touches bears the stamp of ease and joy. But we must not conclude, on this account, that his work is lacking in design. In all his moods, from the Persian inclinations to the later more naturalistic tendencies, his certainty of spacing and his sharp sense of linear rhythm are wonderfully effective. Design of this sort is not the result of the analysis and organization of planes, as in the case of Cézanne, but of a ready shifting of the proportions of silhouettes. Nature in such a process is not reconstructed, but simply re-seen, rendered, we might say, in terms of pattern. The curve of a woman's back or hips is expanded or shortened to meet the exigencies of given spaces; the natural aspect of a scene, either landscape or interior, is not materially altered, but skilfully distributed for the sake of a balanced expression. As a consequence the liveliness and spontaneity of direct experience are exquisitely preserved. We behold no grim transformation of nature to serve an ideal purpose, no dramatic sequences born of a powerful imagination; on the contrary we find knowledge and aesthetic taste at the command of a joyous response to nature. The secret of these decorative motifs is, after a little reflection, quite obvious: the artist who simply changes the proportions of silhouettes in order to achieve balance without sacrificing the original character of a scene, is necessarily limited to a structure in two dimensions. The depth of Matisse's canvases is entirely associational. We have then, in brief, nature, *le monde visible*, of Gautier, presented in terms of flat coloured spaces through the guidance of impeccable tact. This is the Frenchman as I understand him in the exhibition at the Brummer Galleries.



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SCRAPPED ENGINES. BY CHARLES BURCHFIELD

SW

# SWAN SONG ARRANGED FOR TWO PIANOS

BY R. ELLSWORTH LARSSON

what ancient secrets  
grimace  
beyond these hills  
these barren mountains  
and the wasted valleys  
swimming in corrosive shadows

what sound of welling water  
or distant mutter  
of the slow  
inevitable  
worms

—The taste  
of dust  
is on thy lips  
beloved

oh let  
the subtle contours  
of thy words  
impress upon my mind  
some faint design

(soon  
a sudden blare  
of tulips  
will shatter the brittle theme  
of spring  
and summer  
struggle from the womb  
of rigid hills)

let the dim realities  
of thine arms  
evoke some fleeting  
perfect image  
against the darkness  
of Cremona violins

—The taste of dust  
is on thy lips  
beloved

(and dust  
will settle in the shadows  
when autumn  
mournfully dances  
to a crazy prelude  
beaten  
on muffled drums)

oh let thy sudden smile  
caress mine aching eyes

let thy delicate smile  
erect some momentary grandeur  
between me  
and the overwhelming darkness  
so I may mould  
my lips  
into some feeble sign  
of ultimate derision

## THE GODS

BY ELIE FAURE

*Translated From the French by Walter Pach*

A RELIGION, or rather a somewhat formless mass of beliefs which accumulated, ranged themselves side by side, and often fused, had endured for fifty centuries. It peopled the valley of an African river with temples, tombs, avenues of colossi, pylons, pyramids, and obelisks, as if life and death had had no other function than that of demonstrating the truth and the constructive power of those beliefs, around which all social and domestic and political and military life was arranged. An art as categorical as it was subtle, in which the spirit of *finesse* and the geometrical spirit are merged, fills the vast space of the oasis and of the desert and five thousand years of history, which is practically unknown to us save for the testimony left by this art; it fills this space and time with a species of musical rhythm which is uninterrupted and which bears, on the surface of its wave, an inexhaustible freshness of impressions, of sensations, and of sentiments as vibrant as the life in the murmur of the dawn, as firm as the logic in the still voice of the mind. The soul of man circulates in the combining forms of the gods, aside from whom men cannot conceive the labours of the fields and the river, the universal symbolism which sets the hawks soaring in the formidable light, which builds a monstrous temple in order to lay within its darkest centre the mummy of a crocodile, and causes to arise, stone by stone, a mountain of granite which fixes the co-ordinates of the unanimous movement of the heavens.

Another religion, during five centuries, covered the reddish promontories which enter the waves like the prow of a ship, with small, harmonious temples that seem to be constructed both upon the scale of the visible universe and that of pure intelligence, and, without effort, to reconcile in an eternal balance all the contradictions of the moral and the social life, antagonistic divinities, warring interests, and struggling factions. Here, in the whole

monument as in its slightest detail, in the statue of the god as in the frieze and the metope where the adventure of the City is spread forth, there was discovered a harmony—which seems to have been immediately accepted and defined for all time—between the real elements of the most concrete world and the idealistic and generalizing tendencies of the mind, between the least dissimulated sensuality, on one hand, and reason on the other—the type of reason most stubborn in defending its conquests—between the most fleeting movement of the animated surface of the forms and the most permanent laws of their inner structure, which little by little determines our spiritual edifice. The flanks and the arms of the gods were exposed to the swords of men, the breasts and thighs of the goddesses plunged, side by side with those of the women, into the clear streams bordered by laurel woods. Through the statue, and in the statue indeed, man was god, and god was man.

Another religion, one that is immemorial and that still lives, might rather be called a confused mingling of a hundred profound myths thrown up together by a tide, as the sea when it ebbs leaves upon the beach dead fish, jellyfish still alive, flowers of the sea, and a coating of salt—this religion hollowed out, sculptured, and modelled mountains; sometimes, for a century or more, it led four or five generations to penetrate a mass of granite in order that they might live there, love, be born, and die there, and each day cause innumerable forms to blossom there, forms where scenes of copulation and of the lives of the apostles are found side by side. Another religion, issuing from this one like a glowing child from a delirium of passion, covered all of eastern Asia and the islands in the dazzling seas of the Orient with prodigious edifices which the wild beasts, the birds, and the reptiles invaded from top to bottom as if in the trunks, the branches, the leaves, the corollas, and the pollen which grow there and fly as in a whirlwind, they recognized the odours and the green darkness of their native forest. As the Brahmins brought out of the rock, rumps in movement, the thousand divine arms bearing the lotus or the axe, quiet breasts, and eyelids heavy with sleep, incessant sublimations of the animal instincts in man, the Buddhists sculptured flight, sculptured the dance, sculptured the swaying and the very coolness of the palm, the murmurs, spasms, sighs, and perfumes. And if Brahma, the inexhaustible matrix, welcomes, in his four flat faces, the deep flood of material life which



rushes in from every side to participate in modelling his forehead, in causing his nostrils to dilate, his mouth to tremble, and his eyes to be bathed with somnolent voluptuousness, the robe of Buddha, between his knees, seems a chiselled cup where the light comes to sleep. The confused universe is present wherever man is, even if the form of man is alone upon the rock. Man is present wherever the confused universe is, even if the carved vegetations and waters represent no more than the feverish bogs and forests which he has not been able to traverse.

And though that other religion, proscribing the image of every living and moving thing, the better to isolate itself in the contemplation of the invisible, covered the deserts with fragile cupolas, and with minarets shooting up like cries of ecstasy, its whole spiritual movement turning and expanding, and sweeping along in its vortex something of the odour of roses, something of the coloured palpitation seen on the breasts of doves; and although still another religion, on the contrary, piled up in the disorder of a single tottering mass all possible forms, especially those of death—claws and fangs, empty eye-sockets, and the teeth and tongues of snakes—in one case as in the other the idea of a divinity active and present everywhere governs the agreement of man with that religion, in an exaltation which the multitude feels and which it translates into a language which stirs us by its unanimity. It is the same spectacle in the Occident and in the Orient, when Christian Europe, between the sixth and the fifteenth centuries, suddenly acquires consciousness of this spiritual unity which it has conquered from the chaos of sensation and from the tragedy of History, through some chosen race which seems destined to offer its moral image to the future, under the splendid appearances of a material image in which man, even when most heavily bound down by animalism and his divine vision of life, is to recognize himself for an hour. Is there any need to evoke, under the imbricated vaults and the sturdy pillars amassed to the orbit of the spheres above a golden background, the gleaming mosaics in which slender forms are elongated, where immense eyes open, concealing in their depths a complicated and sensual mysticism around which are lights that seem to tell of danger, blue flies and green flies over sleeping waters, putrefaction, and poisons hidden under the luxuriance of flowers? Is there any need, above all, to recall the vast efflorescence which carried upward, over the pave-

ment of the cities of certain provinces of France, as if sprouting from that very pavement itself and from the surrounding countryside, clear forests, murmuring waters, the produce of the kitchen garden, grape vines on the slope of the hills, so many beasts, so many vegetables, so many leafy vines, and so many familiar countenances, a fervent throng, escort for the pillars in their swift ascent, and for soaring vaults which cradle in heaven the courage of man as they render his works divine?

If, from the Andes to the Himalayas, from the Pacific to the oases of Africa, and from the Nile to the North Sea, one tries to seize at a single glance the universal plastic poem in those manifestations of man through which he has most constantly and magnificently defined himself, one finds it connected almost everywhere with a mystical support which is the more impressive because it translates almost everywhere a unanimous sentiment. Art seems never to have attained summits comparable to those which it has mounted, almost always at a single bound, in concert with religion, which then mingles with it in so close and familiar a manner that it is impossible to separate one from the other without annihilating both by the same stroke.

And yet, if one penetrates more deeply into this mystery of aesthetics which is so poignant—as poignant as the birth, the hesitations, and the decline of love—how many facts leap forth suddenly before the anxious investigator and oppose themselves to that too-simplifying conception which connects the development of art with the development of faith, and which affirms without hesitation that art does not develop, or languishes, or falls as soon as faith is lacking, or oscillates or weakens! Hellenic art at its decline, and Hellenistic art almost in its entirety, even and perhaps especially in their most arresting manifestations—beautiful goddesses wholly nude who are no longer any more than women at their toilet, from whom all the heroic fervour has disappeared, innumerable statuettes of courtesans and of women of the world, tormented portraits of poets or thinkers, and dances upon the vintage are only a transition (sensual, familiar, and full of regrets and of promises) between the unity of Paganism in its death-struggle and the presentiment of a new mysticism which is nowhere formulated. During three or four centuries, in this nervous, restless, and often erotic art which

flowers on all the shores of the European, African, and Asiatic Mediterranean, it is practically impossible to find any trace whatsoever of religious sentiment. The same phenomenon, at the moment of the second Renaissance, when Italy, with da Vinci and the Roman school, conquered the Platonist evasion which attempted in the fifteenth century, to hold Christianity to an enervated and morbid form which its mystico-sensual character was, on the contrary, to sweep forth beyond the borders of Christianity, in order to launch the modern world upon unexplored paths: Venice peoples the palaces and churches alike with the most magnificent forms that painting has realized in the reciprocal, close, and continuing exchange of colourations and reflections—the waters, the lands, the skies, and their animal and vegetable multitude contributing the most powerful of their voices to the choir of the senses, which mounts from all the races to affirm their taking possession of the poetic universe. All religious sentiment had disappeared from these forms, to such an extent that nude goddesses were to be seen in the sanctuaries and that, in banquet halls, swarms of angels and holy families covered the walls.

In Italy as in Greece, the religion, which was iconolatrous and visual before all else, scarcely perceived the progressive substitution of one idol for another idol. The idol retained the same name, and its apparent forms change only insensibly from one generation to the other in the proportion that its inner life matured and rose, like the juice of a fruit, from its depths towards its surface, to burst forth and spread over it in full expansion. In other places, in the east of Europe, and especially in the north, the process was quite a different one. At Byzantium, in the eighth and in the ninth centuries, the Church and the Emperor tried to break the idol and to push Christianity back into the invisible interior of abstract mystical sentiment, as, in the same periods, Islam was covering the conquered lands with edifices, where no human figure, no silhouette of an animal, and no leaf of a tree ornamented the capitals and the altars. And it is precisely at the hour when poor and stiff forms, enveloped at every point in the matrix of the most rigid dogma, are appearing timidly upon the profiles of the temples, which had been practically bare until then, that St Bernard, in the following terms, anathematizes the still lean and quite confused budding of the popular belief which is to submerge the edifice and at the same

time lift it up: ". . . So manifold and so astounding does the variety of the forms appear everywhere, that the monk is tempted to study the marbles far more than the books and to meditate upon these figures far more than upon the law of God." The monk was, moreover, to lose his unique privilege of building and decorating the church; he was to leave to the corporations which were being formed so solidly within the frame of the commune the business of erecting and ornamenting the religious monument, under the same conditions and according to the same principles as the civic monument.

It seems therefore that the aesthetic apogee of Western Christianity, between the end of the eleventh and the end of the thirteenth centuries, in its *ensemble*, and despite the symbolic meaning of the ritualistic formulae for architecture and for images, was a kind of confused protest of the instincts of a devout people against the original commands of a mysticism which the concilia and the bishops were maintaining as well as they could. Christianity, by its incessant appeal to love, had caused to accumulate so much vigour of imagination which, at the same time, it repressed by multiple prohibitions, that the unanimous desire to give expression to this vigour in the immensely varied and nuanced forms of the hundred thousand living or inert objects which make up our universe was to burst out with the power of a flame constrained by a volcanic crust. We must not forget that the founders of the Church, St Paul the Jew and St Augustine, were explicitly and fiercely iconophobes, and that Jesus himself, a Jew, in all his universal tenderness, had never appealed to the image in order to stir the hearts of men. The immense concentration upon themselves which, in the earliest consciences, had marked the birth of the new religion, necessarily implied the misunderstanding of natural forms or even disgust for them. They could not reappear, first at Byzantium, then in Italy, and finally in France, save as concrete symbols of the life of the feelings and of the expansive imagination seeking, outside of their contact with the forgotten universe, to express in the tumult and the fever of enthusiasm, the healthiest, the most animal, and the most fecund of all the instincts. The Christian paradise and the Christian myth were so real and so beautiful to the candour of the people that it had to appeal to the innumerable forms and the marvellous colours of the

world to glorify them. The grapes of the vine and the salads of the market, the sparkle of the seas, the purpled gold of the skies in the autumn forest, and all the occupations which, in the fields, bring forth bread from the earth and, in cities, manufacture wood into troughs and iron into tools, overran the monument carrying man in his completion nearer to the work of God. It is the fault neither of St Paul nor of St Augustine nor of St Bernard, but perhaps a little bit that of Jesus, if man, thanks to this very orgy of the senses, was, while studying God's work, to forget God himself. For the cathedral, dying of the excess which had brought it to birth, but at the same time awakening the objective curiosity of certain minds in the multitude, crushed full-blown Christianity in its fall.

At all events, a miraculous equilibrium had here, for a century, been able to maintain itself—between the abstract religion born in the brains of the Prophets modelled by the desert, and the love of charming forms which characterize the soil in Western Europe—the powerful idea of a universal symbolism expressing the unity of the soul by the multiplicity of the aspects of this soil. It maintained itself, in the heart of a people as distant as the land on which it dwells both from Catholic paganism (forgetful of the Christian law in order to imagine the poem of form as an expression complete in itself—independent of the pretexts which inspire it) and from Protestant puritanism, forgetful, in order to return to that law, of the immense variety and the immense charm of the forms in which the theatre of England, and Germanic painting and engraving, and the Nibelungen had, however, found their nourishment. Here, consequently, there occurred a phenomenon the reverse of that which in Italy wrested form from religion. Puritanism wrested religion from form. It has been believed, it has been said, that Rembrandt and German music express the Protestantism of the North. The whole of Dutch painting, and before all and above all the whole of Rembrandt's painting, are an instinctive and probably unconscious protest against the iconoclasm of the Beggars. They are the pious transporting of the image from the church into the house. The whole of German music, with that of Beethoven in the front rank, appears, after two centuries of frightful religious carnage, as a secret revenge of the spirit—protected by the hermeticism of musical language—against puri-

tanical fury, and the return to the abstractions and to the original prohibitions condemned in advance in the North by Shakespeare, by Dürer, by the chorale of Luther himself, fed with meat and beer, joyous and barbaric, as, with song, he led the crowd forth to battle. Protestantism and Catholicism are more or less happy means of governing, more or less durable and more or less suited to the peoples who adopt them, and the one did not will German music any more than the other willed the ogival church of the provinces of Northern France. As to Christianity in its primitive purity, there was needed a profound and prolonged contact with the souls of peoples formed by their soil and their mysterious atavism, their joys, their food, and their misfortune, for it to be transformed in the intimacy of those souls to the point of expression, an expression which was accomplished in the same idolatry against whose use and abuse earlier Christianity had been born as a protest.

But there is more to be said. Very much is lacking before we can find the highest and purest tension of the religious spirit coinciding everywhere with the highest and purest expression of the aesthetic sentiment of one people. The examples of this are innumerable, from Egyptian polytheism to the modern monotheisms, from the religion of Brahma to Greek anthropomorphism. In Egypt, for example, the religion, ritualized and hierarchized by a powerful priesthood, does not really exist until after the great invasions, that is to say during the artistic decadence of the New Empire. The rudimentary fetishism, multiform and rather confused, of the Ancient and Middle Empire, saw the birth of the finest works of Egypt, the majority of which, moreover, are not at all religious in character. It is the epoch which extends from the great pyramids to the great temple of Karnak, that of those innumerable hypogea decorated with frescos of vermillion and of emerald in which the gesture is so pure that it seems to express the silence; it is the epoch of those seated scribes and of those marching statues of wood, beside which everything else seems dead. In Greece, before the eighth century, at a time when the Doric order has not yet plunged its powerful roots into the ground, and when a few formless wooden dolls and a few poor earthen vases express the beliefs and the primitive needs, religion is much more firm than at the times when the Peloponnesus and Sicily are covering themselves with sturdy temples which seem like squatting beasts.



Nearly a thousand years before the first mountains of India receive into their entrails a people of painters and of sculptors, Brahmanism exists; and Brahmanism is still active, as living as ever in the depth of men's souls, when four or five centuries have passed since Hindu art lost that vast mobility full of searchings and murmurings, which make one think of the sea. The petty practices of Chinese fetishism, surviving the mystic crisis of Buddhism and floating upon a great depth of tolerance and of moderation in religious sentiment, did not prevent the sculptors from erecting on the desert, avenues of warriors and of monsters so majestic that they seem contemporaries of the most ancient solitude. Islam, which is as robust as ever in the faith of the people—or which was so, at all events, less than a century ago—has, for five hundred years, been without the secret of the mysterious life which the geometrical formulas chilled in the arabesque, and the secret of the fantastic lightness of their construction. Moreover the Arab, its creator and its propagator, has himself constructed nothing. He delegated that task to the conquered peoples, who were artists and producers already in their past, and who contributed, in serving him, their natural genius, perhaps their desire to please the master, and the freshness of a sentiment renewed upon contact with an unknown myth. Hindus, Egyptians, Persians, and Berbers made of Islam their faith. And the Turk, despite his faith, has not known how to build.

These eclipses, these hesitations, and these silences are perhaps more striking in Christianity than elsewhere. Outside of Italy and especially of France—outside of Flanders and of Spain at times, of Germany to a small extent, I dare not say of England—this religion which persists for eighteen hundred years has not produced a truly specific efflorescence, of a living and multiform style, innovating and conquering each day and in all places, save during four centuries at most. Christian art had disappeared from Italy even before the fall of the free city, and from France when the Commune gave way. In the most fervent periods, the fifteenth century for example, when the drama of the time was sweeping into all souls like a torrent, when it was without trace of bewildered mysticism, when the religion of Jesus was less disputed than at the period when it was joyously mounting everywhere above the countryside and the cities by means of a thousand towers and spires trembling in the sound of the bells, it was no longer, in its imagery,

any more than a tormented and complicated thing whose supports were falling away, whose inner structure was becoming dislocated, and whose profiles were disappearing under the profusion of the ornament. In Spain, during the most Catholic centuries, when the Reformation had caused fanaticism to arise, and when the soldiers, their rosaries on their wrists, carried the cross and torture into the whole of the West, and later, when, to prevent the touching of a poor idol in the niche of an old pillar, a whole city let itself be slaughtered, man after man, woman after woman, and let house after house be burned or torn down, the great forms of art—Velasquez and Goya—are almost completely secular, by no means mystical, in any event. The only mystic, the only man who gives that sensation of supernatural realism which is Spanish Christianity—living cadavers dressed in purple and in iron under the sepulchral lamp, cold ashes, livid lips, and the narrow idea arising to a great height—is not a Spaniard, but a semi-pagan from the Orient whom the people call "el Greco."

Certain forms of Christianity itself, some issuing from the Catholicism of Rome, others from Byzantine orthodoxy, and others again, it is true, from iconoclastic puritanism, have had no more than an insignificant plastic expression, a non-existent one at times. Polish or Prussian or Hungarian or Austrian or Russian or Jugoslav art has not really passed the popular stage, Hispano-Americanism has not even attained it, the Eastern rite has not renounced the Byzantine icon indefinitely repeated, and American Quakerism and, in its train, the multitude of religious sects of that vigorous people have, for long, preserved silence, a silence which their attempts at Europeanizing have broken with unfortunate effect. It is no new phenomenon, moreover, which we see in this. Old religions have remained silent. That of Iran, for example, so pure from the moral point of view and upon which there was grafted without being penetrated by it, a hybrid, heraldic and monarchical art, which drew all of its elements from Assyria, from Egypt, from Greece, and from India—and which never took root in the soil. That of a neighbouring region, Chaldea, and Assyria especially, whose direct and terrible art developed almost entirely outside the religious spirit, the myth inspiring only certain composite monsters whose cruel character emphasizes the violence of the habitual sources of inspiration—hunting, war, tortures, executioners, victims, vultures upon carrion, and men and lions in combat. That

of Rome, while very sincere and vigorous, has a plastic expression which is only imitation and repetition of older forms, whereas an admirable civic architecture—of circuses, theatres, roads, and aqueducts—affirms the grandeur and the permanence of an intention in which there appears no trace, however fugitive, of a religious sentiment. This architecture, moreover, develops when the mythology has reached a completely anarchical stage, at the moment when paganism is at its death-struggle, when Christianity is stammering, and when the new cults of Asia, tottering and jostling one another, are confusedly invading the Latin world, which lets them do their will: an admirable maintenance of the unity and of the majesty of the mind advancing alone—for utilitarian purposes, to be sure—like a ship upon the waves.

However, let us state the fact. Something is lacking in that art, as also in Greek art especially after Pheidias, in Japanese art which develops almost exclusively outside of religion, and in European art since the sixteenth century, if one sets to one side the heroic souls who have possessed a sufficient constancy and continuity of effort to hold up the columns of the temple and to maintain in themselves a religion surviving the decline of pure faith—Michael Angelo, da Vinci, the symphonists of Venice, Rubens, Poussin, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Watteau, Goya, Delacroix, and some others. But even then an immense sadness hovers over their solitude. In reality, at the hour when for once—for once only in the historical development of a group—the sudden maturing of the religious sentiment coincides with the loftiest moment of energy in this group, something supernatural appears, not falling from God upon man, but arising from man to God. Faith has always been equal to itself, doubtless, since the time when formulated and ritualized religion collected all hearts into a common belief. But something unforeseen has taken place. Historical forces have acted for centuries, by chance most often, designating one people rather than another, because its geographical position is favourable to its fecundation, because the drama of war or of politics is more terrible here than elsewhere and more valiantly accepted, and because above all, a particular genius which it gets from its soil and from its secret atavisms has formed it for this rôle, and because, suddenly, in a great broad current of enthusiasm, it has hurled its belief, like a virile seed, into the womb of the universe. Such is the crisis of love in the great races, such

their organic virility; and during its hour their mystic strength, multiplied by this same virility, seeks and finds its nourishment. It is from the greatest moment of energy, not from the greatest moment of faith, that there issues forth the greatest moment of creation of the species. From the eleventh to the fifteenth century in France, the civil or military edifice is equal in value to the religious edifice. The most beautiful cathedral of the North is not superior in quality, from the point of view of structure, to the Valentré Bridge at Cahors or to the Palace of the Popes at Avignon. Whether the species reaches its faith before its apogee of power or after it, if spiritual energy has departed, art, the expression of that spiritual energy, will depart likewise from the species, to disperse itself amongst chosen individuals and to concentrate itself wholly in certain superior brains.

That which creates art, in a word, is the meeting of virility and of love. It is natural that, up to now, the great religions should have been the pretext for this creation. But they have not always furnished it, and there is no reason whatever why new mysticisms, free from dogma, should not come, in the future, to favour that meeting. The Italian Renaissance, wedding with nature for a second time in the enthusiasm of consciousness, offers the admirable spectacle of a crisis of love analogous with the one I speak of. Perhaps the first contact of Egyptian energy with the prodigious and still unexplored world of forms at a time when the Egyptian religion was yet stammering, perhaps the monumental statuary of the Chinese after the disappearance of Buddhism, and perhaps the ferocious art of Assyria, are in themselves, despite their secular character, miracles which one may compare with the fecundation of a great religious sentiment by an exceptional energy of a national or specific order. However, it is not doubtful that up to now the most powerful unity of that sudden sweep toward the spiritual conquest of the very body of the universe, that burst of energy which carries along together the mystic enthusiasm and the virility of a people or of a race—the one element, moreover, animated by the other—it is not doubtful, I say, that up to now this has almost always and almost everywhere manifested itself under the visible and sensible appearances of religion.

*To be concluded*

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## TWO POEMS

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

### THE SICILIAN EXPEDITION

Daintily the women of Syracuse  
Hold their perfume bottles to their noses  
And peer down into the quarries.

They are fine women to look at  
With eyes that can pick out a sail among running breakers,  
Knowing as well as the men all the good points of a horse,  
Why such a team failed at the Olympic games  
And such another won by a chariot length—  
Trained also in poetry and drama, with a provincial enthusiasm,  
And showing a tendency to play the grand lady,  
Be carried hither and thither in their litters,  
School their strong hill-born limbs to a pretended languor,  
And force themselves to faint upon occasion.

Daintily the women of Syracuse  
Hold their perfume bottles to their noses  
And peer down into the quarries.

A great many of the prisoners are still alive—  
Those over there are probably only sleeping;  
The dead they seem to have piled up together.  
The keen clear eyes of the Syracusan women  
Take in the details, how the men hold themselves,  
What elegance they show even in starving.  
To the Athenians, they in turn seem goddesses,  
Against the sky on the straight quarry walls—  
Those tall, poised women, infinitely far,  
Arouse their pride. They do not ask for pity:  
It is enough they have an audience  
To whom to play their final act of death.

Daintily the women of Syracuse  
Hold their perfume bottles to their noses  
And peer down into the quarries.

## DEDICATED TO HER HIGHNESS

The Queen of Sheba was a true romantic—  
Her imagination being touched, she prepared a caravan,  
Marshallled her servants, loaded her dromedaries  
With spices and gold  
And with precious stones,  
And so set off, a queen leaving her kingdom  
To follow an adventure of the mind.  
Paltry-spirited persons, reasoning from Solomon's known tendencies,  
And thinking that, as she admired him  
She must have loved him,  
Have underestimated the quest,  
And deducted from it the entire line of the Abyssinian kings.  
But her real interest in him was intellectual.  
She probed relentlessly the profundity of his mind  
With questions she had evolved in the long days of meditation  
On her swaying dromedary,  
Among the noises and confusion of the march.  
It was the story of his wisdom that had stirred her from her  
kingdom,  
It was to test it that she had made her dangerous wayfaring.  
His prosperity, and his House of the Cedars of Lebanon,  
With its throne flanked by golden lions and its shields of gold,  
His stables and his chariots, the pillars embossed with lilies and  
pomegranates,  
The numbers of his servants and the orderliness of his household—  
These things proved to her that from understanding comes peace,  
And from peace, beauty. They were the justification of knowledge.  
So—having found the truth of travellers' tales—  
She gave praise with the warm courtesy of a queen,  
Presented and received gifts as was the custom,  
And took her departure once more into the mythical depths of  
Sheba,  
A sovereign in state, surrounded by her servants.



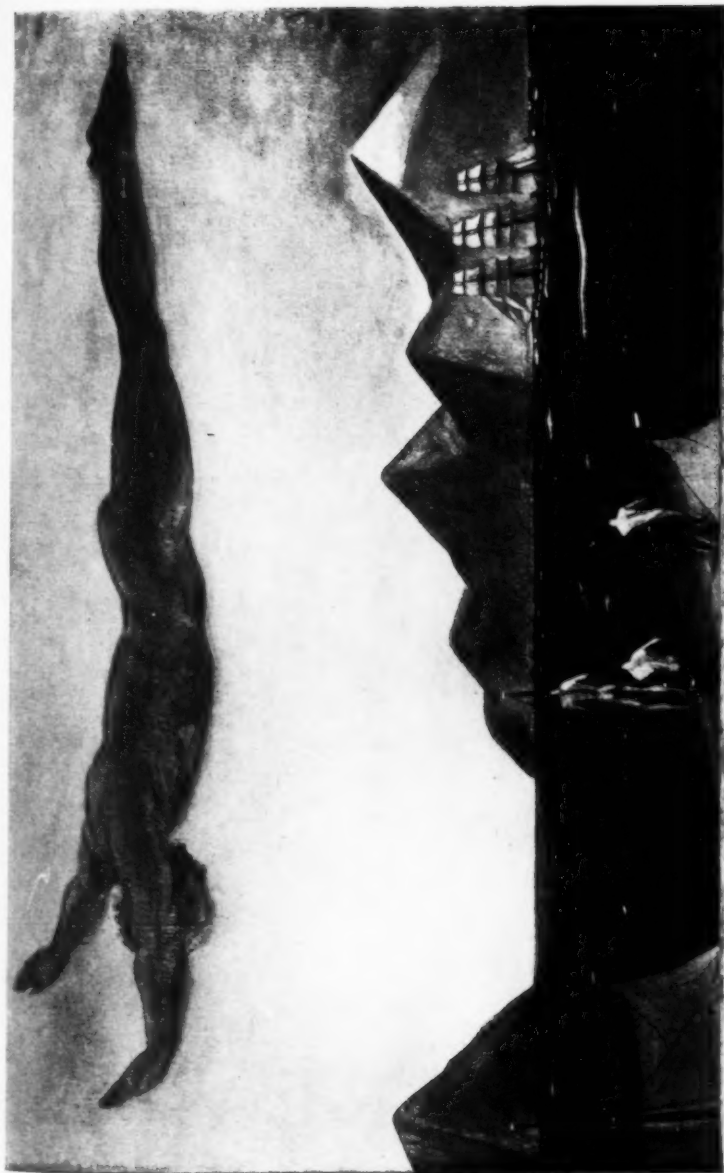


*Courtesy of the Widenstein Galleries*

**NEW ENGLAND. BY ROCKWELL KENT**







VOYAGERS. BY ROCKWELL KENT

*Courtesy of the Phillips Memorial Gallery*

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## DEATH IN VENICE

BY THOMAS MANN

*Translated from the German by Kenneth Burke*

### V

DURING his fourth week at the Lido Gustav von Aschenbach made several sinister observations touching on the world about him. First, it seemed to him that as the season progressed the number of guests at the hotel was diminishing rather than increasing; and German especially seemed to be dropping away, so that finally he heard nothing but foreign sounds at table and on the beach. Then one day in conversation with the barber, whom he visited often, he caught a word which startled him. The man had mentioned a German family that left soon after their arrival; he added glibly and flatteringly, "But you are staying, sir. You have no fear of the plague." Aschenbach looked at him. "The plague?" he repeated. The gossip was silent, made out as though busy with other things, ignored the question. When it was put more insistently, he declared that he knew nothing, and with embarrassing volubility he tried to change the subject.

That was about noon. In the afternoon there was a calm, and Aschenbach rode to Venice under an intense sun. For he was driven by a mania to follow the Polish children whom he had seen with their governess taking the road to the steamer pier. He did not find the idol at San Marco. But while sitting over his tea at his little round iron table on the shady side of the square, he suddenly detected a peculiar odour in the air which, it seemed to him now, he had noticed for days without being consciously aware of it. The smell was sweetish and drug-like, suggesting sickness, and wounds, and a suspicious cleanliness. He tested and examined it thoughtfully, finished his luncheon, and left the square on the side opposite the church. The smell was stronger where the street narrowed. On the corners printed posters were hung, giving municipal warnings against certain diseases of the gastric system liable to occur at this season, against the eating of

oysters and clams, and also against the water of the canals. The euphemistic nature of the announcement was palpable. Groups of people had collected in silence on the bridges and squares; and the foreigner stood among them, scenting and investigating.

At a little shop he inquired about the fatal smell, asking the proprietor, who was leaning against his door surrounded by coral chains and imitation amethyst jewellery. The man measured him with heavy eyes, and brightened up hastily. "A matter of precaution, sir!" he answered with a gesture. "A regulation of the police which must be taken for what it is worth. This weather is oppressive, the sirocco is not good for the health. In short, you understand—an exaggerated prudence perhaps." Aschenbach thanked him and went on. Also on the steamer back to the Lido he caught the smell of the disinfectant.

Returning to the hotel, he went immediately to the periodical stand in the lobby and ran through the papers. He found nothing in the foreign language press. The domestic press spoke of rumours, produced hazy statistics, repeated official denials and questioned their truthfulness. This explained the departure of the German and Austrian guests. Obviously, the subjects of the other nations knew nothing, suspected nothing, were not yet uneasy. "To keep it quiet!" Aschenbach thought angrily, as he threw the papers back on the table. "To keep that quiet!" But at the same moment he was filled with satisfaction over the adventure that was to befall the world about him. For passion, like crime, is not suited to the secure daily rounds of order and well-being; and every slackening in the *bourgeois* structure, every disorder and affliction of the world, must be held welcome, since they bring with them a vague promise of advantage. So Aschenbach felt a dark contentment with what was taking place, under cover of the authorities, in the dirty alleys of Venice. This wicked secret of the city was welded with his own secret, and he too was involved in keeping it hidden. For in his infatuation he cared about nothing but the possibility of Tadzio's leaving, and he realized with something like terror that he would not know how to go on living if this occurred.

Lately he had not been relying simply on good luck and the daily routine for his chances to be near the boy and look at him. He pursued him, stalked him. On Sundays, for instance, the Poles never appeared on the beach. He guessed that they must

be attending mass at San Marco. He hurried there; and stepping from the heat of the square into the golden twilight of the church, he found the boy he was hunting, bowed over a *prie-dieu*, praying. Then he stood in the background, on the cracked mosaic floor, with people on all sides kneeling, murmuring, and making the sign of the cross. And the compact grandeur of this oriental temple weighed heavily on his senses. In front, the richly ornamented priest was conducting the office, moving about and singing; incense poured forth, clouding the weak little flame of the candle on the altar—and with the sweet, stuffy sacrificial odour another seemed to commingle faintly: the smell of the infested city. But through the smoke and the sparkle Aschenbach saw how the boy there in front turned his head, hunted him out, and looked at him.

When the crowd was streaming out through the opened portals into the brilliant square with its swarms of pigeons, the lover hid in the vestibule; he kept under cover, he lay in wait. He saw the Poles quit the church, saw how the children took ceremonious leave of their mother, and how she turned towards the Piazzetta on her way home. He made sure that the boy, the nunlike sisters, and the governess took the road to the right through the gateway of the clock tower and into the Merceria. And after giving them a slight start, he followed, followed them furtively on their walk through Venice. He had to stand still when they stopped, had to take flight in shops and courts to let them pass when they turned back. He lost them; hot and exhausted, he hunted them over bridges and down dirty blind-alleys—and he underwent minutes of deadly agony when suddenly he saw them coming towards him in a narrow passage where escape was impossible. Yet it could not be said that he suffered. He was drunk, and his steps followed the promptings of the demon who delights in treading human reason and dignity under foot.

In one place Tadzio and his companions took a gondola; and shortly after they had pushed off from the shore, Aschenbach, who had hidden behind some structure, a well, while they were climbing in, now did the same. He spoke in a hurried undertone as he directed the rower, with the promise of a generous tip, to follow unnoticed and at a distance that gondola which was just rounding the corner. And he thrilled when the man, with the roguish willingness of an accomplice, assured him in the same tone that his wishes would be carried out, carried out faithfully.

Leaning back against the soft black cushions, he rocked and glided towards the other black-beaked craft where his passion was drawing him. At times it escaped; then he felt worried and uneasy. But his pilot, as though skilled in such commissions, was always able through sly manoeuvres, speedy diagonals and short-cuts, to bring the quest into view again. The air was quiet and smelly, the sun burned down strong through the slate-coloured mist. Water slapped against the wood and stone. The call of the gondolier, half warning, half greeting, was answered with a strange obedience far away in the silence of the labyrinth. White and purple umbels with the scent of almonds hung down from little elevated gardens over crumbling walls. Arabian window-casings were outlined through the murkiness. The marble steps of a church descended into the water; a beggar squatted there, protesting his misery, holding out his hat, and showing the whites of his eyes as though he were blind. An antiquarian in front of his den fawned on the passer-by and invited him to stop in the hopes of swindling him. That was Venice, the flattering and suspiciously beautiful—this city, half legend, half snare for strangers; in its foul air art once flourished gluttonously, and had suggested to its musicians seductive notes which cradle and lull. The adventurer felt as though his eyes were taking in this same luxury, as though his ears were being won by just such melodies. He recalled too that the city was diseased and was concealing this through greed—and he peered more eagerly after the retreating gondola.

Thus, in his infatuation, he wanted simply to pursue uninterrupted the object that aroused him, to dream of it when it was not there, and, after the fashion of lovers, to speak softly to its mere outline. Loneliness, strangeness, and the joy of a deep belated intoxication encouraged him and prompted him to accept even the remotest things without reserve or shame—with the result that as he returned late in the evening from Venice, he stopped on the second floor of the hotel before the door of the boy's room, laid his head in utter drunkenness against the hinge of the door, and for a long time could not drag himself away despite the danger of being caught and embarrassed in such a mad situation.

Yet there were still moments of relief when he came partly to his senses. "Where to!" he would think, alarmed. "Where to!" Like every man whose natural abilities stimulate an aristo-



cratic interest in his ancestry, he was accustomed to think of his forbears in connexion with the accomplishments and successes of his life, to assure himself of their approval, their satisfaction, their undeniable respect. He thought of them now, entangled as he was in such an illicit experience, caught in such exotic transgressions. He thought of their characteristic rigidity of principle, their scrupulous masculinity—and he smiled dejectedly. What would they say? But then, what would they have said to his whole life, which was almost degenerate in its departure from theirs, this life under the bane of art—a life against which he himself had once issued such youthful mockeries out of loyalty to his fathers, but which at bottom had been so much like theirs! He too had served, he too had been a soldier and a warrior like many of them—for art was a war, a destructive battle, and one was not equal to it for long these days. A life of self-conquest and of in-spite-ofs, a rigid, sober, and unyielding life which he had formed into the symbol of a delicate and timely heroism. He might well call it masculine, or brave; and it almost seemed as though the Eros mastering him were somehow peculiarly adapted and inclined to such a life. Had not this Eros stood in high repute among the bravest of peoples; was it not true that precisely through bravery he had flourished in their cities? Numerous war heroes of antiquity had willingly borne his yoke, for nothing was deemed a disgrace which the god imposed; and acts which would have been rebuked as the sign of cowardice if they had been done for other purposes—prostrations, oaths, entreaties, abjectness—such things did not bring shame upon the lover, but rather he reaped praise for them.

In this way his infatuation determined the course of his thoughts, in this way he tried to uphold himself, to preserve his respect. But at the same time, selfish and calculating, he turned his attention to the unclean transactions here in Venice, this adventure of the outer world which conspired darkly with his own and which fed his passion with vague lawless hopes.

Bent on getting reliable news of the condition and progress of the pestilence, he ransacked the local papers in the city cafés, as they had been missing from the reading table of the hotel lobby for several days now. Statements alternated with disavowals. The number of the sick and dead was supposed to reach twenty, forty, or even a hundred and more—and immediately afterwards

every instance of the plague would be either flatly denied or attributed to completely isolated cases which had crept in from the outside. There were scattered admonitions, protests against the dangerous conduct of foreign authorities. Certainty was impossible. Nevertheless the lone man felt especially entitled to participate in the secret; and although he was excluded, he derived a grotesque satisfaction from putting embarrassing questions to those who did know, and as they were pledged to silence, forcing them into deliberate lies. One day at breakfast in the large dining-hall he entered into a conversation with the manager, that softly-treading little man in the French frock coat who was moving amiably and solicitously about among the diners and had stopped at Aschenbach's table for a few passing words. Just why, the guest asked negligently and casually, had disinfectants become so prevalent in Venice recently? "It has to do," was the evasive answer, "with a police regulation, and is intended to prevent any inconveniences or disturbances to the public health which might result from the exceptionally warm and threatening weather." . . . "The police are to be congratulated," Aschenbach answered; and after the exchange of a few remarks on the weather, the manager left.

Yet that same day, in the evening, after dinner, it happened that a little band of strolling singers from the city gave a performance in the front garden of the hotel. Two men and two women, they stood by the iron post of an arc-lamp and turned their whitened faces up towards the large terrace where the guests were enjoying this folk-recital over their coffee and cooling drinks. The hotel personnel, bell boys, waiters, and clerks from the office, could be seen listening by the doors of the vestibule. The Russian family, eager and precise in their amusements, had had wicker chairs placed in the garden in order to be nearer the performers; and they were sitting here in an appreciative semi-circle. Behind the ladies and gentlemen, in her turban-like kerchief, stood the old slave.

Mandolin, guitar, harmonica, and a squeaky violin were responding to the touch of the virtuoso beggars. Instrumental numbers alternated with songs, as when the younger of the women, with a sharp trembling voice, joined with the sweetly falsetto tenor in a languishing love duet. But the real talent and leader of the group was undoubtedly the other of the two men, the one

with the guitar. He was a kind of *buffo* baritone, with not much of a voice, although he did have a gift for pantomime, and a remarkable comic energy. Often, with his large instrument under his arm, he would leave the rest of the group and, still acting, would intrude on the platform, where his antics were rewarded with encouraging laughter. Especially the Russians in their seats down front seemed to be enchanted with so much southern mobility, and their applause incited him to let himself out more and more boldly and assertively.

Aschenbach sat on the balustrade, cooling his lips now and then with a mixture of pomegranate juice and soda which glowed ruby red in his glass in front of him. His nerves took in the miserable notes, the vulgar crooning melodies; for passion lames the sense of discrimination, and surrenders in all seriousness to appeals which, in sober moments, are either humorously allowed for or rejected with annoyance. At the clown's antics his features had twisted into a set painful smile. He sat there relaxed, although inwardly he was intensely awake; for six paces from him Tadzio was leaning against the stone hand-rail.

In the white belted coat which he often wore at meal times, he was standing in a position of spontaneous and inborn gracefulness, his left forearm on the railing, feet crossed, the right hand on a supporting hip; and he looked down at the street-singers with an expression which was hardly a smile, but only an aloof curiosity, a polite amiability. Often he would stand erect and, expanding his chest, would draw the white smock down under his leather belt with a beautiful gesture. And then too, the aging man observed with a tumult of fright and triumph how he would often turn his head over the left shoulder in the direction of his admirer, carefully and hesitatingly, or even with abruptness as though to attack by surprise. He did not meet Aschenbach's eyes, for a mean precaution compelled the transgressor to keep from staring at him: in the background of the terrace the women who guarded Tadzio were sitting, and things had reached a point where the lover had to fear that he might be noticed and suspected. Yes, he had often observed with a kind of numbness how, when Tadzio was near him, on the beach, in the hotel lobby, in the Piazza San Marco, they called him back, they were set on keeping him at a distance—and this wounded him frightfully, causing his pride unknown tortures which his conscience would not permit him to evade.

Meanwhile the guitar-player had begun a solo to his own accompaniment, a street-ballad popular throughout Italy. It had several strophes, and the entire company joined each time in the refrain, all singing and playing, while he managed to give a plastic and dramatic twist to the performance. Of slight build, with thin and impoverished features, he stood on the gravel, apart from his companions, in an attitude of insolent bravado, his shabby felt hat on the back of his head so that a bunch of his red hair jutted out from under the brim. And to the thrumming of the strings he flung his jokes up at the terrace in a penetrating recitative; while the veins were swelling on his forehead from the exertion of his performance. He did not seem of Venetian stock, but rather of the race of Neapolitan comedians, half pimp, half entertainer, brutal and audacious, dangerous and amusing. His song was stupid enough so far as the words went; but in his mouth, by his gestures, the movements of his body, his way of blinking significantly and letting the tongue play across his lips, it acquired something ambiguous, something vaguely repulsive. In addition to the customary civilian dress, he was wearing a sport shirt; and his skinny neck protruded above the soft collar, baring a noticeably large and active Adam's-apple. He was pale and snub-nosed. It was hard to fix an age to his beardless features, which seemed furrowed with grimaces and depravity; and the two wrinkles standing arrogantly, harshly, almost savagely between his reddish eyebrows were strangely suited to the smirk on his mobile lips. Yet what really prompted the lonely man to pay him keen attention was the observation that the questionable figure seemed also to provide its own questionable atmosphere. For each time they came to the refrain the singer, amid buffoonery and familiar handshakes, began a grotesque circular march which brought him immediately beneath Aschenbach's place; and each time this happened there blew up to the terrace from his clothes and body a strong carbolic smell.

After the song was ended, he began collecting money. He started with the Russians, who were evidently willing to spend, and then came up the stairs. Up here he showed himself just as humble as he had been bold during the performance. Cringing and bowing, he stole about among the tables, and a smile of obsequious cunning exposed his strong teeth, while the two wrinkles still stood ominously between his red eyebrows. This singular character collecting money to live on—they eyed him with a curiosity and

a kind of repugnance, they tossed coins into his felt hat with the tips of their fingers, and were careful not to touch him. The elimination of the physical distance between the comedian and the audience, no matter how great the enjoyment may have been, always causes a certain uneasiness. He felt it, and tried to excuse it by grovelling. He came up to Aschenbach, and along with him the smell, which no one else seemed concerned about.

"Listen!" the recluse said in an undertone, almost mechanically. "They are disinfecting Venice. Why?" The jester answered hoarsely, "On account of the police. That is a precaution, sir, with such heat, and the sirocco. The sirocco is oppressive. It is not good for the health." He spoke as though astonished that any one could ask such things, and demonstrated with his open hand how oppressive the sirocco was. "Then there is no plague in Venice?" Aschenbach asked quietly, between his teeth. The clown's muscular features fell into a grimace of comical embarrassment. "A plague? What kind of plague? Perhaps our police are a plague? You like to joke! A plague! Of all things! A precautionary measure, you understand! A police regulation against the effects of the oppressive weather." He gesticulated. "Very well," Aschenbach said several times curtly and quietly; and he quickly dropped an unduly large coin into the hat. Then with his eyes he signalled the man to leave. He obeyed, smirking and bowing. But he had not reached the stairs before two hotel employees threw themselves upon him, and with their faces close to his began a whispered cross-examination. He shrugged his shoulders; he gave assurances, he swore that he had kept quiet—that was evident. He was released, and he returned to the garden; then after a short conference with his companions, he stepped out once more for a final song of thanks and leave-taking.

It was a rousing song which the recluse never recalled having heard before, a "big number" in incomprehensible dialect, with a laugh refrain in which the troupe joined regularly at the tops of their voices. At this point both the words and the accompaniment of the instruments stopped, with nothing left but a laugh which was somehow arranged rhythmically although very naturally done—and the soloist especially showed great talent in giving it a most deceptive vitality. At the renewal of his professional distance from the audience he had recovered all his boldness again, and the artificial laugh that he directed up towards the terrace was derisive.



Even before the end of the articulate portion of the strophe, he seemed to struggle against an irresistible tickling. He gulped, his voice trembled, he pressed his hand over his mouth, he contorted his shoulders; and at the proper moment the ungovernable laugh broke out of him, burst into such real cackles that it was infectious and communicated itself to the audience, so that on the terrace also an unfounded hilarity, living off itself alone, started up. But this seemed to double the singer's exuberance. He bent his knees, he slapped his thighs, he nearly split himself; he no longer laughed, he shrieked. **He pointed up with his finger, as though nothing were more comic than the laughing guests there, and finally everyone in the garden and on the verandah was laughing, even to the waiters, bell boys, and house-servants in the doorways.**

Aschenbach was no longer resting in his chair; he sat upright, as if attempting to defend himself, or to escape. But the laughter, the whiffs of the hospital smell, and the boy's nearness combined to put him into a trance that held his mind and his senses hopelessly captive. In the general movement and distraction he ventured to glance across at Tadzio, and as he did so he dared observe that the boy, in reply to his glance, was equally serious, much as though he had modelled his conduct and expression after those of one man, and the prevalent mood had no effect on him since this one man was not part of it. This portentous childish obedience had something so disarming and overpowering about it that the grey-haired man could hardly restrain himself from burying his face in his hands. It had also seemed to him that Tadzio's occasional stretching and quick breathing indicated a complaint, a congestion, of the lungs. "He is sickly, he will probably not grow old," he thought repeatedly with that positiveness which is often a peculiar relief to desire and passion. And along with pure solicitude he had a feeling of rakish gratification.

Meanwhile the Venetians had ended and were leaving. Applause accompanied them, and their leader did not miss the opportunity to cover his retreat with further jests. His bows, the kisses he blew, were laughed at—and so he doubled them. When his companions were already gone, he acted as though he had hurt himself by backing into a lamp-post, and he crept through the gate seemingly crippled with pain. Then he suddenly threw off the mask of comic hard luck, stood upright, hurried away jauntily, stuck out his tongue insolently at the guests on the terrace, and slipped

into the darkness. The company was breaking up; Tadzio had been missing from the balustrade for some time. But, to the displeasure of the waiters, the lonely man sat for a long while over the remains of his pomegranate drink. Night advanced. Time was crumbling. In the house of his parents many years back there had been an hour glass—of a sudden he saw the fragile and expressive instrument again, as though it were standing in front of him. Fine and noiseless the rust-red sand was running through the glass neck; and since it was getting low in the upper half, a speedy little vortex had been formed there.

As early as the following day, in the afternoon, he had made new progress in his obstinate baiting of the people he met—and this time he had all possible success. He walked from the Piazza of St Mark's into the English travelling bureau located there; and after changing some money at the cash desk, he put on the expression of a distrustful foreigner and launched his fatal question at the attendant clerk. He was a Britisher; he wore a woollen suit, and was still young, with close-set eyes, and had that characteristic stolid reliability which is so peculiarly and strikingly appealing in the tricky, nimble-witted South. He began, "No reason for alarm, sir. A regulation without any serious significance. Such measures are often taken to anticipate the unhealthy effects of the heat and the sirocco . . ." But as he raised his blue eyes, he met the stare of the foreigner, a tired and somewhat unhappy stare focussed on his lips with a touch of scorn. Then the Englishman blushed. "At least," he continued in an emotional undertone, "that is the official explanation which people here are content to accept. I will admit that there is something more behind it." And then in his frank and leisurely manner he told the truth.

For several years now Indian cholera had shown a heightened tendency to spread and migrate. Hatched in the warm swamps of the Ganges delta, rising with the noxious breath of that luxuriant, unfit primitive world and island wilderness which is shunned by humans and where the tiger crouches in the bamboo thickets, the plague had raged continuously and with unusual strength in Hindustan, had reached eastwards to China, westwards to Afghanistan and Persia, and following the chief caravan routes, had carried its terrors to Astrachan, and even to Moscow. But while Europe was trembling lest the spectre continue its advance from there across the country, it had been transported over the sea by



Syrian merchantmen, and had turned up almost simultaneously in several Mediterranean ports, had raised its head in Toulon and Malaga, had showed its mask several times in Palermo and Naples, and seemed permanently entrenched through Calabria and Apulia. The north of the peninsula had been spared. Yet in the middle of this May in Venice the frightful vibrations were found on one and the same day in the blackish wasted bodies of a cabin boy and a woman who sold greengroceries. The cases were kept secret. But within a week there were ten, twenty, thirty more, and in various sections. A man from the Austrian provinces who had made a pleasure trip to Venice for a few days, returned to his home town and died with unmistakable symptoms—and that is how the first reports of the pestilence in the lagoon city got into the German newspapers. The Venetian authorities answered that the city's health conditions had never been better, and took the most necessary preventive measures. But probably the food supply had been infected. Denied and glossed over, death was eating its way along the narrow streets, and its dissemination was especially favoured by the premature summer heat which made the water of the canals lukewarm. Yes, it seemed as though the plague had got renewed strength, as though the tenacity and fruitfulness of its stimuli had doubled. Cases of recovery were rare. Out of a hundred attacks, eighty were fatal, and in the most horrible manner. For the plague moved with utter savagery, and often showed that most dangerous form, which is called "the drying." Water from the blood vessels collected in pockets, and the blood was unable to carry this off. Within a few hours the victim was parched, his blood became as thick as glue, and he stifled amid cramps and hoarse groans. Lucky for him if, as sometimes happened, the attack took the form of a light discomfiture followed by a profound coma from which he seldom or never awakened. At the beginning of June the pest-house of the Ospedale Civico had quietly filled; there was not much room left in the two orphan asylums, and a frightfully active commerce was kept up between the wharf of the Fondamenta Nuove and San Michele, the burial island. But there was the fear of a general drop in prosperity. The recently opened art exhibit in the public gardens was to be considered, along with the heavy losses which in case of panic or unfavourable rumours, would threaten business, the hotels, the entire elaborate system for exploiting foreigners—and as these considerations evidently carried more weight

than love of truth or respect for international agreements, the city authorities upheld obstinately their policy of silence and denial. The chief health officer had resigned from his post in indignation, and been promptly replaced by a more tractable personality. The people knew this; and the corruption of their superiors, together with the predominating insecurity, the exceptional condition into which the prevalence of death had plunged the city, induced a certain demoralization of the lower classes, encouraging shady and anti-social impulses which manifested themselves in licence, profligacy, and a rising crime wave. Contrary to custom, many drunkards were seen in the evenings; it was said that at night nasty mobs made the streets unsafe. Burglaries and even murders became frequent, for it had already been proved on two occasions that persons who had presumably fallen victim to the plague had in reality been dispatched with poison by their own relatives. And professional debauchery assumed abnormal and obtrusive proportions such as had never been known here before, and to an extent which is usually found only in the southern parts of the country and in the Orient.

The Englishman pronounced the final verdict on these facts. "You would do well," he concluded, "to leave to-day rather than to-morrow. It cannot be much more than a couple of days before a quarantine zone is declared." "Thank you," Aschenbach said, and left the office.

The square lay sunless and stifling. Unsuspecting foreigners sat in front of the cafés, or stood among the pigeons in front of the church and watched the swarms of birds flapping their wings, crowding one another, and pecking at grains of corn offered them in open palms. The recluse was feverishly excited, triumphant in his possession of the truth. But it had left him with a bad taste in his mouth, and a weird horror in his heart. As he walked up and down the flagstones of the gorgeous court he was weighing an action which would meet the situation and would absolve him. This evening after dinner he could approach the woman with the pearls and make her a speech; he had figured it out word for word: "Permit a foreigner, madam, to give you some useful advice, a warning, which is being withheld from you through self-interest. Leave immediately with Tadzio and your daughters! Venice is full of the plague." Then he could lay a farewell hand on the head of this tool of a mocking divinity, turn away, and flee this

morass. But he felt at the same time that he was very far from seriously desiring such a move. He would retract it, would disengage himself from it. . . . But when we are distracted we loathe most the thought of retracing our steps. He recalled a white building, ornamented with inscriptions which glistened in the evening and in whose transparent mysticism his mind's eye had lost itself—and then that strange wanderer's form which had awakened in the aging man the roving hankerings of youth after the foreign and the remote. And the thought of return, the thought of prudence and soberness, effort, mastery, disgusted him to such an extent that his face was distorted with an expression of physical nausea. "It must be kept silent!" he whispered heavily. And: "I will keep silent!" The consciousness of his share in the facts and the guilt intoxicated him, much as a little wine intoxicates a tired brain. The picture of the diseased and neglected city hovering desolately before him aroused vague hopes beyond the bounds of reason, but with an egregious sweetness. What was the scant happiness he had dreamed of a moment ago, compared with these expectations? What were art and virtue worth to him, over against the advantages of chaos? He kept silent, and remained in Venice.

This same night he had a frightful dream, if one can designate as a dream a bodily and mental experience which occurred to him in the deepest sleep, completely independent of him, and with a physical realness, although he never saw himself present or moving about among the incidents; but their stage rather was his soul itself, and they broke in from without, trampling down his resistance—a profound and spiritual resistance—by sheer force; and when they had passed through, they left his substance, the culture of his lifetime, crushed and annihilated behind them.

It began with anguish, anguish and desire, and a frightened curiosity as to what was coming. It was night, and his senses were on the watch. From far off a grumble, an uproar, was approaching, a jumble of noises. Clanking, blaring, and dull thunder, with shrill shouts and a definite whine in a long drawn out u-sound—all this was sweetly, ominously interspersed and dominated by the deep cooing of wickedly persistent flutes which charmed the bowels in a shamelessly penetrative manner. But he knew one word; it was veiled, and yet would name what was approaching: "The foreign god!" Vaporous fire began to glow; then he recognized

mountains like those about his summer house. And in the scattered light, from high up in the woods, among tree trunks and crumbling moss-grown rocks—people, beasts, a throng, a raging mob plunged twisting and whirling downwards, and made the hill swarm with bodies, flames, tumult, and a riotous round dance. Women, tripped by over-long fur draperies which hung from their waists, were holding up tambourines and beating on them, their groaning heads flung back. Others swung sparking firebrands and bare daggers, or wore hissing snakes about the middle of their bodies, or shrieking held their breasts in their two hands. Men with horns on their foreheads, shaggy-haired, girded with hides, bent back their necks and raised their arms and thighs, clashed brass cymbals and beat furiously at kettledrums, while smooth boys prodded he-goats with wreathed sticks, climbing on their horns and falling off with shouts when they bounded. And the bacchantes wailed the word with the soft consonants and the drawn out u-sound, at once sweet and savage, like nothing ever heard before. In one place it rang out as though piped into the air by stags, and it was echoed in another by many voices, in wild triumph—with it they incited one another to dance and to fling out their arms and legs, and it was never silent. But everything was pierced and dominated by the deep coaxing flute. He who was fighting against this experience—did it not coax him too with its shameless penetration, into the feast and the excesses of the extreme sacrifice? His repugnance, his fear, were keen—he was honourably set on defending himself to the very last against the barbarian, the foe to intellectual poise and dignity. But the noise, the howling, multiplied by the resonant walls of the hills, grew, took the upper hand, swelled to a fury of rapture. Odours oppressed the senses, the pungent smell of the bucks, the scent of moist bodies, and a waft of stagnant water, with another smell, something familiar, the smell of wounds and prevalent disease. At the beating of the drum his heart fluttered, his head was spinning, he was caught in a frenzy, in a blinding deafening lewdness—and he yearned to join the ranks of the god. The obscene symbol, huge, wooden, was uncovered and raised up; then they howled the magic word with more abandon. Foaming at the mouth, they raged, teased one another with ruttish gestures and caressing hands; laughing and groaning, they stuck the goads into one another's flesh and licked the blood from their limbs. But the dreamer now was with

them, in them, and he belonged to the foreign god. Yes, they were he himself, as they hurled themselves biting and tearing upon the animals, got entangled in steaming rags, and fell in promiscuous unions on the torn moss, in sacrifice to their god. And his soul tasted the unchastity and fury of decay.

When he awakened from the affliction of this dream he was unnerved, shattered, and hopelessly under the power of the demon. He no longer avoided the inquisitive glances of other people; he did not care if he was exciting their suspicions. And as a matter of fact they were fleeing, travelling elsewhere. Numerous bathing houses stood empty, the occupants of the dining-hall became more and more scattered, and in the city now one rarely saw a foreigner. The truth seemed to have leaked out; the panic, despite the reticence of those whose interests were involved, seemed no longer avoidable. But the woman with the pearls remained with her family, either because the rumours had not yet reached her, or because she was too proud and fearless to heed them. Tadzio remained. And to Aschenbach, in his infatuation, it seemed at times as though flight and death might remove all the disturbing elements of life around them, and he stay here alone with the boy. Yes, by the sea in the forenoon when his eyes rested heavily, irresponsibly, unwaveringly on the thing he coveted, or when, as the day was ending, he followed shamelessly after him through streets where the hideous death lurked in secret—at such times the atrocious seemed to him rich in possibilities, and laws of morality had dropped away.

Like any lover, he wanted to please; and he felt a bitter anguish lest it might not be possible. He added bright youthful details to his dress, he put on jewels, and used perfumes. During the day he often spent much time over his toilet, and came to the table strikingly dressed, excited, and in suspense. In the light of the sweet youthfulness which had done this to him, he detested his aging body. The sight of his grey hair, his sharp features, plunged him into shame and hopelessness. It induced him to attempt rejuvenating his body and appearance. He often visited the hotel barber.

Beneath the barber's apron, leaning back in the chair under the gossiper's expert hands, he winced to observe his reflection in the mirror.

"Grey," he said, making a wry face.

"A little," the man answered. "Due entirely to a slight neglect,



an indifference to outward things, which is conceivable in people of importance, but it is not exactly praiseworthy. And all the less so since such persons are above prejudice in matters of nature or art. If the moral objections of certain people to the art of cosmetics were to be logically extended to the care of the teeth, they would give no slight offence. And after all, we are just as old as we feel, and under some circumstances grey hair would actually stand for more of an untruth than the despised correction. In your case, sir, you are entitled to the natural colour of your hair. Will you permit me simply to return what belongs to you?"

"How is that?" Aschenbach asked.

Then the orator washed his client's hair with two kinds of water, one clear and one dark, and it was as black as in youth. Following this, he curled it with irons into soft waves, stepped back, and eyed his work.

"All that is left now," he said, "would be to freshen up the skin a little."

And like someone who cannot finish, cannot satisfy himself, he passed with quickening energy from one manipulation to another. Aschenbach rested comfortably, incapable of resistance, or rather his hopes aroused by what was taking place. In the glass he saw his brows arch more evenly and decisively. His eyes became longer; their brilliance was heightened by a light touching-up of the lids. A little lower, where the skin had been a leatherish brown, he saw a delicate crimson tint grow beneath a deft application of colour. His lips, bloodless a little while past, became full, and as red as raspberries. The furrows in the cheeks and about the mouth, the wrinkles of the eyes, disappeared beneath lotions and cream. With a knocking heart he beheld a blossoming youth. Finally the beauty specialist declared himself content, after the manner of such people, by obsequiously thanking the man he had been serving. "A trifling assistance," he said, as he applied one parting touch. "Now the gentleman can fall in love unhesitatingly." He walked away, fascinated; he was happy as in a dream, timid and bewildered. His necktie was red, his broad-brimmed straw hat was trimmed with a variegated band.

A tepid storm wind had risen. It was raining sparsely and at intervals, but the air was damp, thick, and filled with the smell of things rotting. All around him he heard a fluttering, pattering, and swishing; and under the fever of his cosmetics it seemed to him



as though evil wind-spirits were haunting the place, impure sea birds which rooted and gnawed at the food of the condemned and befouled it with their droppings. For the sultriness destroyed his appetite, and the fancy suggested itself that the foods were poisoned with contaminating substances. Tracking the boy one afternoon, Aschenbach had plunged deep into the tangled centre of the diseased city. He was becoming uncertain of where he was, since the alleys, waterways, bridges, and little squares of the labyrinth were all so much alike, and he was no longer even sure of directions. He was absorbed with the problem of keeping the pursued figure in sight. And, driven to disgraceful subterfuges, flattening himself against walls, hiding behind the backs of other people, for a long time he did not notice the weariness, the exhaustion, with which emotion and the continual suspense had taxed his mind and his body. Tadzio walked behind his companions. He always allowed the governess and the nunlike sisters to precede him in the narrow places; and loitering behind alone, he would turn his head occasionally to look over his shoulder and make sure by a glance of his peculiarly dark-grey eyes that his admirer was following. He saw him, and did not betray him. Drunk with the knowledge of this, lured forward by those eyes, led meekly by his passion, the lover stole after his unseemly hope—but finally he was cheated and lost sight of him. The Poles had crossed a short arching bridge; the height of the curve hid them from the pursuer, and when he himself had arrived there he no longer saw them. He hunted for them vainly in three directions, straight ahead and to either side along the narrow dirty wharf. In the end he was so tired and unnerved that he had to give up the search.

His head was on fire, his body was covered with a sticky sweat, his knees trembled. He could no longer endure the thirst that was torturing him, and he looked around for some immediate relief. From a little vegetable store he bought some fruit—strawberries, soft and overly ripe—and he ate them as he walked. A very charming, forsaken little square opened up before him. He recognized it; here he had made his frustrated plans for flight weeks ago. He let himself sink down on the steps of the cistern in the middle of the square, and laid his head against the stone cylinder. It was quiet; grass was growing up through the pavement; refuse was scattered about. Among the weather-beaten, unusually tall houses surrounding him there was one like a palace,

with little lion-covered balconies, and Gothic windows with blank emptiness behind them. On the ground floor of another house was a drug store. Warm gusts of wind occasionally carried the smell of carbolic acid.

He sat there, he, the master, the artist of dignity, the author of *The Wretch*, a work which had, in such accurate symbols, renounced vagabondage and the depths of misery, had denied all sympathy with the engulfed, and had cast out the outcast; the man who had arrived and, victor over his own knowledge, had outgrown all irony and acclimatized himself to the obligations of public confidence; whose reputation was official, whose name had been knighted, and on whose style boys were urged to pattern themselves—he sat there. His eyelids were shut; only now and then a mocking uneasy side-glance slipped out from beneath them. And his loose lips, set off by the cosmetics, formed isolated words of the strange dream-logic created by his half-slumbering brain.

"For beauty, Phaedrus, mark me, beauty alone is both divine and visible at once; and thus it is the road of the sensuous; it is, little Phaedrus, the road of the artist to the spiritual. But do you now believe, my dear, that they can ever attain wisdom and true human dignity for whom the road to the spiritual leads through the senses? Or do you believe rather (I leave the choice to you) that this is a pleasant but perilous road, a really wrong and sinful road, which necessarily leads astray? For you must know that we poets cannot take the road of beauty without having Eros join us and set himself up as our leader. Indeed, we may even be heroes after our fashion, and hardened warriors, though we be like women, for passion is our exaltation, and our desire must remain love—that is our pleasure and our disgrace. You now see, do you not, that we poets cannot be wise and dignified? That we necessarily go astray, necessarily remain lascivious, and adventurers in emotion? The mastery of our style is all lies and foolishness, our renown and honour are a farce, the confidence of the masses in us is highly ridiculous, and the training of the public and of youth through art is a precarious undertaking which should be forbidden. For how indeed could he be a fit instructor who is born with a natural leaning towards the precipice? We might well disavow it and reach after dignity, but wherever we turn it attracts us. Let us, say, renounce the dissolvent of knowledge, since knowledge, Phaedrus, has no dignity or strength. It is aware,

it understands and pardons, but without reserve and form. It feels sympathy with the precipice, it *is* the precipice. This then we abandon with firmness, and from now on our efforts matter only by their yield of beauty, or in other words, simplicity, greatness, and new rigour, form, and a second type of openness. But form and openness, Phaedrus, lead to intoxication and to desire, lead the noble perhaps into sinister revels of emotion which his own beautiful rigour rejects as infamous, lead to the precipice, yes they too lead to the precipice. They lead us poets there, I say, since we cannot force ourselves, since we can merely let ourselves out. And now I am going, Phaedrus. You stay here; and when you no longer see me, then you go too."

A few days later, as Gustav von Aschenbach was not feeling well, he left the beach hotel at a later hour in the morning than usual. He had to fight against certain attacks of vertigo which were only partially physical and were accompanied by a pronounced malaise, a feeling of bafflement and hopelessness—while he was not certain whether this had to do with conditions outside him or with his own nature. In the lobby he noticed a large pile of luggage ready for shipment; he asked the door-keeper who it was that was leaving, and heard in answer the Polish title which he had learned secretly. He accepted this without any alteration of his sunken features, with that curt elevation of the head by which one acknowledges something he does not need to know. Then he asked, "When?" The answer was, "After lunch." He nodded, and went to the beach.

It was not very inviting. Rippling patches of rain retreated across the wide flat water separating the beach from the first long sand-bank. An air of autumn, of things past their prime, seemed to lie over the pleasure spot which had once been so alive with colour and was now almost abandoned. The sand was no longer kept clean. A camera, seemingly without an owner, stood on its tripod by the edge of the sea; and a black cloth thrown over it was flapping noisily in the wind.

Tadzio, with the three or four companions still left, was moving about to the right in front of his family's cabin. And midway between the sea and the row of bathing houses, lying back in his chair with a robe over his knees, Aschenbach looked at him once more. The game, which was not being supervised since the women

were probably occupied with preparations for the journey, seemed to have no rules, and it was degenerating. The stocky boy with the sleek black hair who was called Jaschu had been angered and blinded by sand flung in his face. He forced Tadzio into a wrestling match which quickly ended in the fall of the beauty, who was weaker. But as though in the hour of parting the servile feelings of the inferior had turned to merciless brutality and were trying to get vengeance for a long period of slavery, the victor did not let go of the boy underneath, but knelt on his back and pressed his face so persistently into the sand that Tadzio, already breathless from the struggle, was in danger of strangling. His attempts to shake off the weight were fitful; for moments they stopped entirely and were resumed again as mere twitchings. Enraged, Aschenbach was about to spring to the rescue, when the torturer finally released his victim. Tadzio, very pale, raised himself halfway and sat motionless for several minutes, resting on one arm, with rumpled hair and glowering eyes. Then he stood up completely, and moved slowly away. They called him, cheerfully at first, then anxiously and imploringly; he did not listen. The swarthy boy, who seemed to regret his excesses immediately afterwards, caught up with him and tried to placate him. A movement of the shoulder put him at his distance. Tadzio went down obliquely to the water. He was barefoot, and wore his striped linen suit with the red bow.

He lingered on the edge of the water with his head down, drawing figures in the wet sand with one toe; then he went into the shallows, which did not cover his knees in the deepest place, crossed them leisurely, and arrived at the sand-bank. He stood there a moment, his face turned to the open sea; soon after, he began stepping slowly to the left along the narrow stretch of exposed ground. Separated from the mainland by the expanse of water, separated from his companions by a proud moodiness, he moved along, a strongly isolated and unrelated figure with fluttering hair—placed out there in the sea, the wind, against the vague mists. He stopped once more to look around. And suddenly, as though at some recollection, some impulse, with one hand on his hip he turned the upper part of his body in a beautiful twist which began from the base—and he looked over his shoulder towards the shore. The watcher sat there, as he had sat once before when for the first time these twilight-grey eyes had turned at the doorway and met his own. His head, against the back of the chair, had

slowly followed the movements of the boy walking yonder. Now, simultaneously with this glance it rose and sank on his breast, so that his eyes looked out from underneath, while his face took on the loose, inwardly relaxed expression of deep sleep. But it seemed to him as though the pale and lovely lure out there were smiling to him, nodding to him; as though, removing his hand from his hip, he were signalling to come out, were vaguely guiding towards egregious promises. And, as often before, he stood up to follow him.

Some minutes passed before any one hurried to the aid of the man who had collapsed into one corner of his chair. He was brought to his room. And on the same day a respectfully shocked world received the news of his death.

*The End*

## LULLABY

BY JOHN COWPER POWYS

So the boughs tap on the door you've shut,  
In the darkness shaking?  
So the drops drip from the water-butt,  
Like a heart that's breaking?  
Comb your hair till it's smooth and neat,  
Blow out the candle, fold your gown,  
Shroud yourself in your cold cold sheet  
And lay you down.  
Let the trees moan, let the drops fall—  
When a man's love is dead  
A girl must turn her face to the wall,  
Away from him, away from all,  
With a sheet about her head!



LA PROMENADE EN VOITURE. BY HERMINE DAVID







A PARIS WINDOW. BY HERMINE DAVID





LA TERRACE. BY HERMINE DAVID

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## ROMAIN ROLLAND AFTER THE WAR

BY STEFAN ZWEIG

THE heroes of Romain Rolland's novels are never really isolated figures. His true subject is always a collectivity, an entire generation. So that Rolland, like Balzac and Zola among his predecessors, like Marcel Proust and Martin du Gard among his successors, needs more than one of the traditionally novel-lengthed volumes to express such powerful visions. He always needs a cycle to encompass a whole life-process, which is what the Greek word cycle itself signifies. His first attempt was in the drama. Twenty years ago he wanted to write ten tragedies depicting the French Revolution in its rise, crisis, and fall; he wanted to grasp as a single unit that entire generation, with all the ideas and contradictions in character which it manifested from 1792 until the triumph of Napoleon. This Théâtre de la Révolution was never completed. But he did finish Jean Christophe: the story of a different generation, one contemporaneous to him and already past history for us who are younger, the generation of Germany and France between the two wars of 1870 and 1914. And history has shown how accurately by this choice of theme he has touched on the most burning problem of our age, the European problem. During the war he devoted himself more to the times and its ills than to matters of art and form. And it is only now, after laying down in art, as it were, the tragic realization of those war years, that he returns with a vast new novel cycle. It is called *L'Âme Enchantée*, and the first volume, *Annette et Sylvie*, has just appeared.

But the artist merely seems to alter his problems: in reality every poet retains some one fundamental problem which moves him and which he develops again and again in changing forms, under changing circumstances, by what are apparently contradictory figures. In all his works, both the artistic and the polemical, Rolland's fundamental problem remains the same: the problem of the free man, the *homme libre*, who holds his ego, his personality, his self-earned beliefs staunchly in opposition to the world, the times, and

mankind. To preserve one's freedom, in Rolland's sense, is to fight unceasingly against the world; and to suffer for such freedom without relinquishing it constitutes for him the only genuine heroism on earth. The men of the Revolution fight for their freedom as for their personal ideas, so that each is victorious after his own manner, Danton differently from Robespierre, Saint-Just, or Marat. They seem to be enemies of one another, and they are enemies, since each wants to misuse his personal idea of freedom to enslave the others; they fall, each a victim of the world and each a victor in his own cause. Similarly Jean Christophe struggles for freedom in the sphere of art, Olivier for freedom in the sphere of justice; and even that seemingly quite ordinary middle-class Colas Breugnon finds his strength solely in the feeling of his independence from princes and counts, from poverty and fate, through an inner stability, through the clarity and genuineness of his nature. Again, Clerambault fights for the independence of his idea of humanity over against the militaristic madness of a whole epoch; he too triumphs, though despised and conquered, for he remains *l'un contre tous*, the one against the many, the eternal rebel, like all harbingers and prophets. For some deep revolutionary vein is common to all Rolland's heroes.

This motif of inner freedom is also the theme of Romain Rolland's new novel. This time however it is not a man who is fighting for freedom, but a free woman, the representative of a new coming era whose destiny bears upon our own time, upon the world war, and beyond it to the present hour. Jean Christophe dies before the war; his character was a presentiment and a prophecy of the frightful catastrophe. His friendship with Olivier was almost a philosophic attempt to keep the two countries Germany and France united in affection. The heroine of this new novel no longer lives under a clouded sky with lightning flashes in the distance, but in the midst of the storm, in the tumbling chaos of Europe.

A woman's battle for freedom must necessarily be different from a man's. The man has his work, some belief, conviction, or idea, to defend against the world. The woman defends herself, her life, her mind, her feelings, defends them against unseen powers, against cupidity, against custom, against the invisible restrictions which are opposed to her free development in this civilized, moralistic, and Christian world. Thus, the problem contains unsuspected



potentialities; it is more intimate, to be sure, but this does not make a simple, nameless, anonymous woman's struggle in defence of her personality any the less important than that of the artist defending some work, the politician some idea, the scientist some conviction.

Only the first volume, *Annette et Sylvie*, the prelude to this massively proportioned work, has appeared at present. It is like a delicate *andante* which is frequently interrupted by a gentle *scherzo*. But towards the end we already feel the approach, the rumbling clash of passionate excitement, the tragic ascent into the profoundly symphonic (for like all his works, this great novel of Romain Rolland's is built on musical principles). Annette, who is a good, middle-class girl, intact and mediocre, learns after the death of her father that he has left an illegitimate daughter, in poor circumstances. More from an instinctive curiosity, but also from a feeling of duty, she decides to visit her. In this she has already destroyed an initial restriction, an invisible law which was shackling her. Almost unconsciously, she has made her first step towards freedom. In Sylvie she becomes acquainted with a new form of freedom; not the noblest form, but yet the very pure, clear, spontaneous freedom of the submerged proletarian classes. The young girl does as she likes, gives herself to a lover if she is so inclined; she lives outside of society, and thus has the natural security of an almost animal existence; she is cheerful, carefree, with unhampered impulses, open in her speech, untroubled in her actions. All this is foreign to the middle-class girl, but alluring. Magically attracted by this new element of freedom, she comes nearer to her sister, who refuses with a sure instinct to be transplanted into a *bourgeois* atmosphere; and from this first contact Annette, despite all rivalries and petty conflicts, becomes aware of what a vast possession freedom is. And when a young man with whom she is in love, of *bourgeois* family, approaches her and wants to marry her in the usual *bourgeois* fashion and make her his life companion, some deep presentiment warns her that this entering into marriage would also be a loss of the precious thing which she has just been on the verge of grasping—namely, her personal freedom. She discusses this with her fiancé, and asks him whether he is willing, after marriage, to leave her a part of her nature, the most secret and intangible part, her freedom; he must not ask her to subject herself completely and without reserve to his will.

"This desire, the most profound yearning of my life, is probably not easy to express," she tells him, "because it is not precise enough and is too far-reaching. It has to do with a right demanded by the living soul, the right to develop, to change." She requires that some ultimate part of herself must not become subordinate to him, not be lost completely in the solidarity of marriage. Here we are strongly reminded of Goethe's remarkable epigram, written in one of his letters: "My heart is an open city which any one can enter; but somewhere inside there is a closed citadel, and here no one dare penetrate." This citadel, this last mysterious reach of her freedom, she wishes to preserve in order to be true to her love in a higher sense than in the disintegration and surrender demanded by marriage. Now the fiancé, completely entangled in his *bourgeois* attitudes, misunderstands this yearning, and thinks (since he has no feeling for the profoundest elements of love) that she does not love him. So the engagement is broken; but after it is broken she shows in a wonderful and truly heroic manner that if she cannot give her soul completely to the man she loves, she can give her body. She abandons herself to him in the flesh, and then leaves him; he is perplexed, for it is the tragedy of mediocrity that it cannot understand greatness. Here a most daring step has been taken, away from the *bourgeois* world and into a free, bold existence of her own. She has given up the quiet secure world which she was accustomed to, and must now go her way through the world alone—or even more than alone, for the fruits of that surrender is a child, an illegitimate child, which she must now lead beside her in the struggle for herself, for the truest, most essential part of her life.

Rolland takes his heroine through this first step in the prelude, *Annette et Sylvie*. Psychologically, in the delicacy of feeling, the fineness of the transitions, this work is equal to the best volumes of Jean Christophe. But so far it still lacks that richness of characterization which gives his other novels their sea roar, their current and fulness, their symphonies. It is only a promise, an opening chord, a single incident. And the next volumes, presumably, will bring with them that plastic fulness which differentiates Rolland's novels so gratifyingly from the psychological monographs of most contemporary writers.



*Property of Jack Tarcher*

**DRESSING-ROOM. BY JAMES CHAPIN**

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## PARIS LETTER

April, 1924

THIS very month of December will have deprived French letters of Barrès and Raymond Radiguet. We burn our life at both ends. Here, we had a national funeral; there, a modest interment followed by a few friends. Death fell on both extremes, and the most tragic stroke was not the one against the man of sixty, who had already given us all the fruit of his labours.

I had not seen Barrès since the beginning of the summer; and at the time of our last meeting (when he brought to light some very curious memories of Oscar Wilde and his last stay in Paris) I found him troubled about his health and future. Behind a conventional smile, I detected the anguish which made him so much resemble Pascal on his death-bed. "I begin to feel pressed by time," he said about this period. And he wrote also to Derème: "I am surfeited with myself, and have ceased to take any interest in my ways of feeling, which no longer give me anything but annoyance, and which have imprisoned me for sixty years."

His ways of feeling! *Le Culte du Moi*, 1889; the first egotist novels, *Sous l'Oeil des Barbares*, *Un Homme Libre!*, *L'Ennemi des Lois*; all those early books which he renounced so soon, how obviously they belonged to the generation preceding ours, and how much we found them still to our taste. His name was resounding the day I was born. Indeed they were responsible for a good portion of the pleasure we found in the works of Gide: *Les Cahiers d'André Walter*, *Le Voyage d'Urien*, and *Paludes!*

All the so-called constructive work of Barrès before the war and concerning the war, which he put above everything, has never satisfied us. In it we never found the strange and nervous grace of his first books, that nihilism curbed by the purest of form. The stern method of audacious thinking for which he had searched as far afield as Ignatius de Loyola, in order to place it at the service of liberty and even anarchy, delighted us. ("*Toute licence*," he wrote then, "*sauf contre l'amour*.")

When *La Plume* opened its *Enquête sur l'Anarchie*, Barrès cited Kropotkin and declared truth could be found only in a moral-

ity without obligation or sanction, an assertion which enraptured every adolescent. But he failed to make his life conform to these principles. Once he was well mixed up in politics, his work, *Les Frontières de l'Est*, *La Colline Inspirée*, *Le Jardin sur l'Oronte*, *Le Génie du Rhin*, became artificial, and though always marked by the extreme intelligence and distinction of his mind, receded farther and farther from the qualities which had first captivated us. We did not withdraw our literary admiration from him, but our faith. I wrote quite baldly, in 1921, in the *N.R.F.*, that it was depressing to see so disciplined a mind coming to a stop in moral conclusions which contradicted its own enunciated principles. I met him later, and he did not take me to task. We found a neutral meeting place in other subjects. But it was only a relative understanding.

Barrès once said: "I am from Lorraine, but it is more than likely that if one looked farther back for my family he would find it originating among Jews from the Midi." In this connexion one may well quote from his *L'Ennemi des Lois*: "These Jews, excluded from feudalism and from the legal systems preceding our time, retain none of their prejudices. . . . They are totally preoccupied with the distinction between the possible and the impossible. They weigh forces. *Thus they escape the larger part of our occasions for error.* Hence their logical faculty, and their marvellous dexterity in the conduct of life; hence also, on another side, their dominant rôle in the psychical revolution which is preparing."

Barrès was a pure intellectual, a hero and a victim of reason and sensuality. There lay his triumph and his limitation. A dilettante casting himself into politics and action by an excess of will, for thirty years he warped his life and a part of his work. He was an essayist and an admirable manipulator of ideas. "In politics," the socialist paper *L'Humanité* wrote of Barrès just before his death, "he has not created a party, any more than in literature new images or characters." Certainly Barrès was neither a novelist nor a poet. His was a very old and exquisite spirit. Nevertheless, this fragile thinker will remain one of the rarest and most delicate French links connecting the nineteenth century with that hard, affirmative, and brutal one we now find ourselves in, for which he was never intended.

I have already spoken in *THE DIAL* of Radiguet, in connexion with his first novel, *Le Diable au Corps*, which received last year



*Le Prix du Nouveau Monde*. Dying at twenty, Radiguet leaves an unpublished novel, *Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel*, and several slender volumes of poems. I met him just after the war at a ball at Poiret's. It was a fourteenth of July night; Poiret had opened his great chests full of coloured wigs, magician's robes, and bizarre ornaments, and each of us after arraying himself in these, walked about dancing and singing, under the influence of an intoxication at once patriotic and dionysiac. I was struck by the taciturn pose of a figure of Kwanon, disguising a boy of seventeen, who regarded us with a frozen and scornful smile. I asked Cécile Sorel his name. It was Radiguet. This extraordinary little person lived his life in three years with an unheard-of intensity. But his soul preceded his body. At the point where the latter was celebrating youth with excess, the former had already arrived at sureness and repose. Surrounded by Cocteau, Picasso, Brancusi, the Six Musicians, the followers of Apollinaire, the Dadaists, all those whom the troubled after-war days numbered as Seekers and Innovators, Radiguet never for a moment allowed himself to be influenced. He had nothing but contempt for all this agitation, and from the start discovered his literary formula in a direction the opposite of theirs. He stuck to the position which he had taken up beside Stendhal and Malherbe without renouncing one of our concentrated exasperations, the conquests and audacities of our age. But touching form, sacrilege became repugnant to him; the more so because at bottom he was profoundly influenced by Rimbaud. None of the younger writers discovered himself more completely than he in the glow of *Les Illuminations*; but when he took up the pen, all the frenzies, all the uncontrolled elements of violence, crystallized in a perfect poem or an ordered novel, in which the graces of the first half of the seventeenth century were mingled with the austerities of the second. He came to the end of his life well in advance of the Age, whose tired wings could barely follow him. Even with such slight literary baggage, and with his life so soon cut short, Radiguet, more than any other victim of that sincerity to which all our young writers lay claim, will have an important place in the years 1918-1924, significant years in the history of the tragic sense of life, as Unamuno would say, the one thing after all which counts in literature.

PAUL MORAND

# BOOK REVIEWS

E. M. FORSTER

HOWARDS END. *By E. M. Forster. 12mo. 293 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.*

PHAROS AND PHARILLON. *By E. M. Forster. 12mo. 119 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.*

THE CELESTIAL OMNIBUS AND OTHER STORIES. *By E. M. Forster. 12mo. 164 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.*

POLITE and distinguished is the solitude of Mr Forster in the clatter of English letters. Within its security he stands alone, no giant prophet in a wilderness, not even a *chef d'école*, but urbanely, tranquilly, unmistakably unique. His solitary figure evokes (does it?) one of those discreetly elegant little houses lingering still on the outward fringes of London, modest country manors hardly a century ago, but encompassed now and for evermore by the hosts of, it is said, desirable villas. O and alas! All too obviously are those villas kept in touch with the conveniences of a metropolis by clanging tram-cars and scarlet buses, and, spiritually, by all the communistical apparatus of gramophones and broadcasting and circulating libraries. But somehow, in the general and miserable barbarism, the Forsterian manor remains inviolate, tinged perhaps with the delicately regretful melancholy of the virgin, but self-possessed, integral, and in the best sense familiar. Passing within, one is aware that here at least, behind those curving bay-windows, there live books which will never return strapped and ticketed to their library, and music that is still played (yes) by hand, that it is still possible in summer to take one's tea (China, of course) outside under the Araucaria, and look southward towards Surrey and the Dorking Gap. Here the Times brings its news of the encroaching world and the tiny fluctuations of the more gilt-edged stocks; and although one cannot

help being aware of these tram-cars lunging past on the roadway outside, even their roar is held back from a too damaging irruption into the Schumann sonatas, or, when the rector calls, the tea-table talk of the parish, or the plans for Easter at Assisi, by that lofty wall, topped with sherds of broken glass, which Grandfather so far-sightedly had strengthened and heightened, about the year of the Great Exhibition. . . .

But the peculiar and endearing virtue of Mr Forster is simply this: that he is consummately civilized.

Alarming enigma! So far is this quality to seek among our novelists, that the fact of its existence has confounded half of Mr Forster's critics, however much it has delighted his inarticulate admirers. Only watch his reviewers: with what anxious enthusiasm they have hastened to heap upon his slightly deprecating figure the very dearest jewels of their little thesaurus: charm, of course, and subtlety and insight, a beauty wild and strange, and wit—and a hundred more have been proffered. In vain. The enigma remains. When we feel that a writer is being adequately served by the bestowal of these amiable, decorative comments, we may wonder whether the bedizened one is anything more than a nine-days' marvel. But when (the case is rarer) their apt profusion leaves him still naked and unexplained, may we not be fairly certain that the content of his writing is of some stuff richer than at first sight appears?

For Mr Forster's work, I would make that claim. Epithets leave it undescribed. Admittedly: no giant, no innovator, no seer. But the fact remains that somehow—by virtue, I would urge, of the peculiarly civilized quality pervading all his work—Mr Forster is left standing alone among the English writers of our generation. Observe that none of the superficialities or voguish manners of "civilized" writing are here in question at all. The virtue of Mr Forster is no painstaking sophistication of wit or intellect. Nor is it the elaborated urbanity of a Beerbohm. It is neither exotic nor *saugrenu*. It rests never on any glyptic cunning in words: on the contrary, his style is simple and direct with the trim, intuitive precision of Jane Austen. Its roots are deeper, springing from an intrinsic richness of human experience, a delicate sensibility to humane values.

The critical key, I think, is hidden in *Howards End*. Hardly

hidden, perhaps; for one guiding phrase stands as motto to that rarely accomplished example of the modern novel. But *Howards End* contains so much of the essential quality of Mr Forster's work that its own clue is bound, to some extent, to guide one also through his writings as a whole. Recall the phrase in question: Margaret Schlegel is determined to find her way to Henry Wilcox, and make him find her; and "it was hard-going in the roads of Mr Wilcox's soul":

"It did not seem so difficult. She need trouble him with no gift of her own. She would only point out the salvation that was latent in his own soul, and in the soul of every man. Only connect! That was the whole of her sermon. Only connect the prose and the passion, and both will be exalted, and human love will be seen at its height. Live in fragments no longer. Only connect, and the beast and the monk, robbed of the isolation that is life to either, will die.

"Nor was the message difficult to give. It need not take the form of a good 'talking.' By quiet indications the bridge would be built and span their lives with beauty."

*Only connect!*

It is this idea which alone can produce, out of long conflict of elements, that rare amalgam of inward and outward experience of which the truly integral and civilized life must after all be composed. It is the grand negation of all the cheap, ready-made, "outlined," standardjized "culture" of our age (recall, in this novel too, the victim of that, the pitiable character of the clerkling, Leonard Bast). And in it lies the secret of that unity of vision and coherence of beauty which mark indubitably the creations of the true artist in writing, which are, as I believe, the assay-marks of Mr Forster's peculiar virtue, a developed consistency of temper and sensibility.

In other passages too he has brought out its implications. Earlier in *Howards End*, for instance, comes an allied passage which, particularly with regard to another branch of his imaginative work, is illuminating:

"To Margaret this [outer] life was to remain a real force.

She could not despise it, as Helen and Tibby affected to do. It fostered such virtues as neatness, decision, and obedience, virtues of the second rank, no doubt, but they had formed our civilization. They form character, too; Margaret could not doubt it: they keep the soul from becoming sloppy. How dare Schlegels despise Wilcoxes, when it takes all sorts to make a world?

"Don't brood too much," she wrote to Helen, 'on the superiority of the unseen to the seen. It's true, but to brood on it is medieval. Our business is not to contrast the two, but to reconcile them.'"

And in the half-dozen stories which make up *The Celestial Omnibus*, the seen and the unseen, gentlemen and demigods, are merged with a certainty and cunning of touch that leaves Mr Forster, with this one volume (*plus* a single story, *The Song of the Siren*, published separately) almost unrivalled in the *genre*. It is needless to comment on them. In themselves, they are complete and self-explanatory. They spring from a rare intimacy with that great pagan emotion which was too suddenly stilled when Thamus the mariner heard, over the Aegean, the false cry that a god was dead. In essence, they are more than the neat triflings of a story-writer with a taste for classical mythology; it would be wrong to be deceived by their air of polite and humorous detachment. "How suddenly," said Nietzsche, "the wilderness of our exhausted culture changes when the Dionysian magic touches it! A hurricane seizes all that is decrepit and decaying, collapsed and stunted—wraps it whirling into a red cloud of dust, and carries it like a vulture into the air . . ." And so on, tumultuously. In the sudden clarity of the "Dionysian magic," Nietzsche found the birth of Tragedy: in the touch of Pan upon the staleness and lethargy of our etiolated modern minds, Mr Forster has seen a birth of finer life and deeper understanding. Thank God, he is far too agreeable a writer to say so, heavily, there, like that: but the best of his stories slip almost imperceptibly into one's consciousness, like poems, lingering, and evoking greater images than, in their modesty, they ventured to present.

Pharos and Pharillon is an indefinable little book, except in so far as its subject is Alexandria, Ancient and Modern, but unmistakably Forster, a distillation of a tenderly ironic spirit. In one of its all-too fragmentary essays, there comes a sudden enchanting

glimpse, at an Alexandrian street-corner, of a "gentleman in a straw hat, standing absolutely motionless at a slight angle to the universe." Actually, it is the figure of Mr C. P. Cavafy, a contemporary Demotic poet of the city, yet somehow—remove that straw hat, and animate (but slightly) that immobility . . . is this not Mr Forster himself? He likewise has this divine gift of being able to stand at a slight angle to the universe; and from the peculiar perspective which he thus enjoys, emerges this exquisitely amusing series of dissolving views. The inclination varies, ever so slightly, magnetically perhaps in some obscure, incalculable way, but the effect is a delicious foreshortening of the history of Alexandria into an ironic, wrong-end-of-the-telescope miniature of much else. Pharos is neither a work of humour nor a work of history, but it indicates a possible form (sketched already, it is true, by Anatole France) invaluable to a charitable comprehension of civilization, its rise and fall. In the mud of Alexandria lies hid so much of the death of the ancient world and the slow parturition of the new, the mingling of West and East, Christian and Moslem and Hebrew, wars of Arianism, Monophysism, Monotheletism, what not. (Two thousand years hence, New York may have taken on the historic significance of Alexandria, the legendary memory of Woolworth or the Statue of Liberty its symbolic Pharos, for ever lost and unexplained.) In such a history, perspective could be found only in the vast rhythms of a Gibbon, or by abbreviation into that lesser form of proportion styled humour. Writing elsewhere of Alexandria, Mr Forster quotes the saying of Plotinus, that "to any vision must be brought an eye adapted to what is to be seen." Wherein lies the secret of the truly civilized traveller, as indeed of the novelist. Only connect. . . . Not to contrast, but to reconcile. . . . Mr Forster is happy in his understanding of sympathetic and coherent vision. Plunged into the peculiar lucidity of this mind, the most dully familiar persons and things must always emerge transformed, admirable, glittering, crystalline, comical and lovely and real, and magical as the *rameau de Salzbourg*.

HAMISH MILES



## TRANSLATING THE UNTRANSLATABLE

**JAPANESE POETRY.** *An Historical Essay with Two Hundred and Thirty Translations.* By Curtis Hidden Page. Illustrated. 8vo. 180 pages. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

**THE TEMPLE and Other Poems.** *Translated From the Chinese by Arthur Waley.* 8vo. 150 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

THE report given us by the fortunate few who can read Japanese poetry in the original is that the charm of the art lies in its exaggerated power of suggestion through omission. This very element is one of the walls that shut out the Western reader. "Heavily falls the rain on the hat I stole from a scare-crow" is, as I recollect, a translation by Lafcadio Hearn of a Japanese poem; and though as a translation it leaves nothing to be desired, the foreign reader will probably miss the whole point unless he already knows that this poem was written in a literary competition, on a stated theme—the theme being—"Try to express in three lines the emotion of recklessly miserable poverty and ultimate down-and-out-ness."

The barrier of the language is an equally formidable one. If we grant that it is practically impossible to translate French or German poetry into English, then to translate Japanese poetry into any Western language is inconceivable. Fatal difficulties arise from the fact that the two languages have not a single element in common, and that the very essence of Japanese poetry lies in getting peculiar trick-effects out of unique verbal idioms that have no parallel with us. All attempts to translate Japanese lyrics are foredoomed: they are like an attempt to express an odour in terms of a mathematical formula.

Further, the intense condensation of Japanese poetry presents to the translator a dilemma, either horn of which is disastrous. If he imitates the Japanese brevity, he is quite unintelligible: if he ex-

pands and explains, he loses all trace of the distinctive quality of the original.

Mr Page has chosen the second of these two unavoidable evils: he expands his original. Quotation will show exactly how he has proceeded. He says:

"Take first the literal rendering of one of the simpler ones, a poem that is familiar to all Japanese:

'First-snow as-to  
That also man-of child  
Barrel-pick-up.'

"Here is the translation:

'Through winter's first of many bitter snows  
See where the shivering rag-picker goes—  
He, too, a son of man.'

"There are ten words in the original; in the translation nineteen; three or four of them might have been omitted, but they help to give a flavour really present in the original; and while rag-picker is not quite literal, it gives in English an equivalent expression. That is about as near as one ought to come, in imitating the condensation of these Japanese masterpieces. Anything like such extreme use of condensation and ellipsis, in English, would most often be artificial and unnatural—and therefore false to the original, in which it is rarely so; thus it would wholly misrepresent the Japanese poem, even when it did not result in producing a mere enigma. In such cases, as has been well said, 'a closely literal translation may fail to translate, and faith unfaithful make one truly false.'"

This makes quite clear what is Mr Page's ideal; as he puts it elsewhere, it is "the creating of an *equivalent poem* in English." O Lancelot! pursuing the one thing that cannot be! . . . Yet since Mr Page's translations are always fluent, sometimes vivid, and occasionally charged with emotion, we had better be grateful

for the glimpse of the sealed book of Japanese poetry which he opens to us.

As "an historical essay," Mr Page's volume can be recommended without all these reservations. It will bring to the Western reader the first comprehensive history of Japanese poetry that has ever been offered him. And he will get, thrown in for good measure, an extremely interesting interpretation of this alien art, as seen through the eyes of a sensitive enthusiast.

Turning now to Mr Waley's new volume, one finds a more complete achievement. Perhaps these longer Chinese forms lend themselves more readily to translation.

The Temple continues the series of Mr Waley's benefactions. As usual, his long preface devotes itself to historical material that is a little dull: but the poetical translations which follow are vivid, exciting, and doubtless quite as accurate as translations from the Chinese can ever be. Mr Waley moves freely in English verse, yet he never gives the reader the uncomfortable impression that these are poems written by an Englishman on Chinese themes. He merely makes one forget that these are translations; and then proceeds to convey a flavour, difficult to define, that seems authentically Chinese. Mr Waley's successors will perhaps find that details of his renderings can be corrected. It is doubtful, however, that they will be able to improve upon his manner, or upon the general effect he produces. The reader is likely to end with a frightful suspicion that some of these translations—The Wangsun, for example, are much more to our taste than the originals would be. The Wangsun is really too incredibly beautiful! One reads and rereads it with a growing conviction that, whatever it may be in the Chinese, the translation is a great English poem. And The Bones of Chuang Tzu is almost equally fine.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

## IMMERSION

A BOOK. By Djuna Barnes. Illustrated. 12mo. 223 pages. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

SOME considerable time past, when reviewing a book in *THE DIAL*, I had occasion to speak of immersion-in-life with a somewhat categorical disapproval. Since then, this has lain on the conscience. For though I still feel that the book belittled was an inferior one, and inferior precisely because of its patient and dutiful immersion in life, it has seemed that the category itself should be revised. For in art a category can be degraded or justified by the individual instance exemplifying it.

The reading of Miss Barnes' book makes the revision imperative. The author of these stories, plays, poems, and drawings is undoubtedly immersed—and to such an extent that if you have the modern interest in the mechanics of writing you must wonder how eager her preoccupations must have been to have made her miss so much. Yet her pages have a force, an ingenuity, which rises purely from the intensity of her message.

Miss Barnes seems to have seized upon the form nearest to hand, the one-acter, and to have shaped all her subjects to this simple mould. To wit: there is a situation, this situation is followed by a general jog-trot of plot for so long, and then, with only two or three hundred words to go, the author seizes a knife or a pistol, or stages an incestuous kiss, or something similar—in short, unwinds the rest of her plot with a snap, and the story is over.

If one is looking for an astute and concentrated method of writing, then, one will not find it in any of Miss Barnes' paragraphs. There are no interior designs, no "functioning" sentences. The occasional shame-faced attempts at an epigram are nearly always painful. So that we must situate the appeal of this book precisely in the vigour of her attitudes, in her immersion. Nor are these attitudes themselves unimpeachable. A great deal is weak Russian, a great deal is old stuff; Miss Barnes' vamps, for instance, are almost as pat as movie vamps.

I spoke of a force or ingenuity rising purely from the intensity of her message. The opening of her story *Oscar* is a good example

of what I mean. It begins with four descriptions: a place, a woman, a man, another man. *A priori* it should be safe to say that a story should not begin with such a Walter Scott sameness. Yet these very pages have a swift stride. Of one of the men:

"He smelled very strongly of horses, and was proud of it. He pretended a fondness for all that goes under hide or hair, but a collie bitch, known for her gentleness, snapped at him and bit him. He invariably carried a leather thong, braided at the base for a handle, and would stand for hours talking, with his legs apart, whirling this contrived whip, and, looking out of the corner of his eyes would pull his moustache, waiting to see which of the ladies would draw in her feet."

The other descriptions are equally firm. The effect is probably gained by the fact that the descriptions themselves are plots. Another instance of how Miss Barnes can produce results by the sheer earnestness of her conception is in the dialogue, *To the Dogs*. Gheid Storm, a direct and unsubtle young man, comes to Helena Hucksteppe "in the mountains of Cornwall-on-Hudson" to offer her himself. She proves, to the satisfaction of him and the reader, that he could not make things very interesting for this advanced and rather vampish lady. Time and again he puts out a statement, and her answer is designed to kill it; thus, a topic is exhausted by his sentence and her reply—yet Miss Barnes manages, along with this effect, to keep up the illusion of continuity in the dialogue.

In *A Book* the will to tragedy is maintained with a sureness which is very rarely met with in contemporary writing. And if the author does not convince us that her stories carry very far beyond themselves, she does make us feel that this little corner of experience she is dealing with is handled with the adequate reactions. By which I mean that we can accept the fatalities of her stories, and perhaps even feel that the last bit of plot unwinding with its snap really belonged to the texture of her subject. In her drawings this will to tragedy is equally convincing. Her portraits seem to possess that strained attitude in living which goldfish have when sucking air at the surface of a bowl. Her poetry, again, carries the same vein. At best it is hot, tight, and sullen. The whole, put into one book, produces a very satisfactory programme.

KENNETH BURKE

## AN ATTEMPT TO CONVERT KENTUCKY

THE HUMANIZING OF KNOWLEDGE. By James  
Harvey Robinson. 12mo. 119 pages. George H.  
Doran Company. \$1.50.

THE world was considerably amused by the recent attempt to pass through the Kentucky Legislature a bill making it illegal to teach that Kentuckians are descended from monkeys. For my part, if it had been my lot to live in that state, I should have met the situation by a preface to all my books, saying: "Nothing affirmed about Man in this volume is to be held applicable to the inhabitants of Kentucky, whose transcendent wisdom and virtue prove them to have sprung from a special creation." Mr Robinson is more ambitious; he attempts to persuade the Kentuckians that it is worth while to listen to what science has to say about them, and at the same time he shows men of science how to set about the task. All that he says is admirable, and I hope scientific teachers and writers will pay attention to it. He points out the evils resulting from excessive specialization, the folly of pretending that this or that science does not run counter to popular prejudice, the insincerity caused by the fact that most men of science in America live on charity bestowed by ignorant and predatory millionaires, and the harm done by the hostility to popularization on the part of specialists incapable of literary form. It is impossible to disagree with a single word in the book.

Nevertheless, some unworthy Old Adam in me rebels as I turn the pages. I feel that I would rather be put to death by the Philistines than argue with them. The artist is traditionally permitted to take an aristocratic attitude; Whistler's attitude towards those who decried his pictures is thought quite in order. But the man of science is expected to be humble and solemn. He is expected to argue that, although he thinks our ancestors had tails, he ought to be tolerated because he increases our material comfort or helps us to kill our enemies in war. The result is that he comes to be kept in a sort of isolation ward; he is allowed to whisper to the War Office what he has discovered about poison gases, but is subtly im-



ped when he tries to tell the public what he thinks about the origin of life or the connexion of morals with superstition. One may say, broadly, that those achievements of science which the man in the street thinks beneficial are in fact harmful, while the real benefits to be derived from science appear to the man in the street to be noxious heresies. For this reason, any defence of science before the bar of public opinion is likely to be either ineffective or insincere. The basis of the difficulty is economic. A man of science cherishes two objects: first, to secure an adequate income; secondly, to advance science. Unless he is fairly stupid, those two objects are incompatible. If Darwin had not had a comfortable private fortune, he would have had to hold his tongue or starve. American universities may at this moment be full of mute inglorious Darwins, whose children would starve if they did their work honestly. The result is that, although Science is revolutionary, the men of science are almost all timid conservatives. They think that science flourishes under the present system of plutocratic patronage; the fact is that the men of science flourish on condition of treachery to their subject. There is no issue from this situation so long as they remain the slaves of herd instinct.

In America, for various reasons, herd instinct is stronger than in any other civilized country; very few people venture to act frankly and freely on their own impulses and their own judgement of what is worth while, without regard to the opinions of neighbours. It does not matter to a French artist that most Frenchmen are Philistines, because he lives among artists and ignores the world at large. But America is all of a piece: an artist or man of science is expected to commend himself to all and sundry, not only to his own kind. This seems to show a lack of pride and self-reliance, without which great achievement is scarcely possible. No society can flourish long without a leaven of rebels—that is to say, of men who pursue some aim regardless of public approval or disapproval. The men of science ought to be among the rebels, since science is incompatible with the beliefs which inspire education. But they will not (with rare exceptions) be among the rebels, so long as they can live comfortably in the world as it is. It would seem to follow that the best hope of improvement consists in increasing the hatred of science in the governing classes. If Mr Bryan could be successful all over the world in initiating a revival of religious persecution,



the effect on science would be excellent. Science would ally itself with the socialists, who would soon become irresistible from a military point of view. Of course their victory would be succeeded by a new orthodoxy, just as stifling as the old. But the period of the combat might be splendid, like the period when science was fighting the Catholic Church. And the new orthodoxy would be more easily upset than the old, because it would not have the prestige of antiquity or the hypnotic strength derived from early education. Therefore on the whole there is reason to rejoice in the efforts of the fundamentalists, because they do more than any one else to bring down the crazy old structure they are endeavouring to strengthen.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

## BRIEFER MENTION

**THE MOTHER**, by Grazia Deledda (12mo, 239 pages; Macmillan: \$2) takes the strands of a familiar conflict—a young priest torn between ecclesiastical vows and love for a woman—and weaves them into a tragedy of such compact and moving reality that the theme loses its staleness. The struggle, in this case, centres around the priest's mother, who lifts herself like a symbolic barrier between the man and his desire. Against a vivid and picturesque Sardinian background, the author stages her novel of emotional intensity—sharp and vivid and swift in action. It is a powerful piece of writing.

**SILBERMANN**, by Jacques De Lacretelle, translated from the French by Brian Lunn (12mo, 191 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$2). The persecution of a Jewish school-boy in France. Silbermann is too cock-sure to be wholly pitiable, but neither is any justification to be made for his assailants, who temper injustice with their parents' brutal prejudices. The narrator at times pushes his fine feelings almost to the border of the maudlin, but such notes become dissonances depending on the pitch set by each reader. His surrender on the last page saves the book's face as realism and adds weight to its cause. A clear statement of a confused problem, its merit is in reflecting and not in illuminating it.

**THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS**, by Jean and Jérôme Tharaud, translated by Frances Delanoy Little (12 mo, 224 pages; Knopf: \$2.50). The brothers Tharaud have received the Prix de Goncourt; their resemblance and their inferiority to Gautier and Loti might be analysed profitably. Perhaps this study of Hungarian Jewry, a deft arrangement of sordid, pathetic, and pretty details, does not distort the facts; but if it is a scrupulous picture, one is deceived as one would be if a genuine miracle were enacted on the stage. One cannot free one's enjoyment from a sense of extreme artifice. They may be called sensational writers, since their method is to intensify every emotional value in their material. Instead of a design they have a system, and the result is magnificent journalism. The translation is honest if not subtle.

**UNDERTOW**, by Henry K. Marks (12mo, 337 pages; Harper: \$2) is the study of a wan little family driven severally to impotence, despair, and ruin by a bullying father. The gradual addiction to drugs of a seventeen-year-old boy, fearful and ailing from birth, is narrated with something of the force and sincerity of *The Hand of The Potter*, and with none of its art. The author knows much about the obscure depths of human nature and has an unusually wide sympathy. He has set in motion half-a-dozen lifelike people, making us see them through their reactions to a plot ably conceived to dramatize them. Yet the book is not convincing. It is the able first statement of a theme rather than a finished work.

**A HOUSE FULL OF PEOPLE**, by E. and M. Scharten Antink (12mo, 349 pages; Small Maynard: \$2.50) lays a deft and discerning finger upon the interwoven threads of many lives; the pattern of existence as it unfolds in a Parisian rooming house presents itself as a microcosm of human hopes and loves. The narrative, for all its intricacy, proceeds with a certain Dutch orderliness; the characters are seen like jars arranged upon pantry shelves. This is not to imply, however, that the novel is lacking in warmth or richness. There is, in fact, a fine quality of aliveness in the book, which kindles even the minor figures with reality.

**THE THOUSAND AND FIRST NIGHT**, by Grant Overton (12mo, 331 pages; Doran: \$2) is a piece of romantic embroidery, in which the design is rather too intricate to be entirely serviceable. One admires the neatness of the stitches—the threads of plot and characterization are most accurately disposed, yet there is a disconcerting lack of glamour in the finished work. The pattern, and not the reality, remains uppermost in the mind. Handled in the form of a story within a story, the elements are smoothly linked, but fail to coalesce. In the world which Mr Overton has created, one finds conditions similar to those which confront the black cat stalking across the pages: "Novelty abounds; nothing (quite correctly) is assumed to be as it has been before and every sharpened sense must constantly be employed subtly to differentiate the thing which is to-day from the thing, apparently the same, that was yesterday." Intent upon such tracteries, the reader loses more than the author gains.

**MY CRYSTAL BALL**, by Elizabeth Marbury (illus., 8vo, 355 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$3.50) may be set down at once among the few outstanding autobiographies of the year; it is a fascinating record of indomitable activity, of canny business sense, of worldwide acquaintance, of theatrical history in the making. Miss Marbury writes as she works, with an abounding vitality; she is a healthy specimen of feminism—without the nerves. Her reminiscences of people are sharp yet kindly; her impressions are stimulating and well seasoned with Yankee shrewdness. At sixty-seven, she retains the buoyancy of youth and writes like one on the threshold of life.

**DOG AND DUCK**, by Arthur Machen (12mo, 225 pages; Knopf: \$2.50). These notes on English traditions, which appeared originally in *The Lyons Mail*, would enrich any periodical; but in the form of a book, they are less satisfactory. A collection of casual observations rests heavily upon the personality of the author; so perhaps it is not impertinent to remark that Mr Machen is sometimes complacent and often cross. His style has been praised as a paragon of grace; even in this unimportant volume, the prose is fluent and lucid, subtly combining homeliness and elegance. He lauds, with a slightly loquacious pomp, the pleasures of food and drink, and abuses, a little too vociferously, Puritans, sober radicals, and scientists. A consummate artist would not mar so many of his pages with hysterical assertions of this type: "psycho-analysis . . . turns the whole world of waking and dreaming into a peculiarly putrid and silly form of nightmare nastiness."

**AMARANTH AND ASPHODEL:** Poems from the Greek Anthology done into English verse by A. J. Butler (16mo, 277 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$2.50). The preface contains a letter of praise from Walter Pater, which leads one to realize that these translations are in the purest tradition of the Aesthetic Movement. "The beauty of a statue, a coin or a flower," says Mr Butler, "is the same thing as the beauty of a phrase," and in accordance with his maxim he does not so much speak words as arrange them, like flowers or stones, into a pleasing design. Generally his rendering of the Greek is decorative and faithful. It was originally published forty years ago, but most of the first edition was destroyed by fire, and never being reissued had become a collector's rarity.

**ULUG BEG, An Epic Poem, Comic in Intention, in VII Cantos, by Autolycus** (12mo, 292 pages; Knopf: \$2.50). Autolycus resembles a sophisticated English writer who has offered homage to Peacock and the Latin satirists, and the sincerest flattery to Mr Eliot; if one's attribution is correct, Ulug Beg is his least successful book. It is an imitation of Don Juan, a burlesque of Oriental romance, a rag-bag of sarcastic remarks, written in *ottava rima*, plainly less difficult than prose. Unfortunately, almost every rhyme involves a clumsy inversion or a vague word. The mongrel style dims the brilliance of an elegant, witty, and never sluggish intelligence. The numerous, rather defiant acknowledgements of failure have the effect certainly not intended, of an appeal for sympathy. Autolycus might have been as vigorous as his model; pretentious archaism, and cynical carelessness, and the lack of concentration in any one mood, spoil his work. The self-conscious satirist has taken refuge in fancy dress; he wields an imitation rapier; and his sardonic beauty is beneath a mask.

**REJUVENATION, by George F. Corners** (12mo, 112 pages; Seltzer: \$1.50). "Simply, clearly—so clearly that anyone can understand it—George F. Corners has set forth the facts of Rejuvenation." The author is as honest as Steinach himself, and is always cautious in discussing how much has been accomplished in the study of glands and the highly modern process of manufacturing synthetic personality. The book should be of solid informative value to laymen who wish to learn more about Dr Steinach's experiments with the gonads than could be gleaned from casual newspaper stories.

**DARKER PHASES OF THE SOUTH, by Frank Tannenbaum** (12mo, 203 pages; Putman: \$2) is a first-hand and a first-rate inquiry into aspects of the South's unwanted worries: the Klan, the mill towns, the single crop, farm tenancy, and the horrifying convict system. Mr Tannenbaum is not dispassionate, yet he is reasonable and—properly speaking—humane. He holds it absurd to seek a solution of the race problem as a whole. He holds it equally absurd to hope for its dissolution, but thinks perhaps the negro migration North and West may make a national concern out of a sectional bugbear, on the one hand, while European immigrants settling in the South may give it something else to worry about, and dilute the present intensity of feeling. His research material is presented with tact and clarity.

**PSYCHOANALYSIS AND PSYCHOTHERAPY**, by William Steckel, Ph.D., translated by Dr James S. Van Teslaar (12mo, 155 pages; Moffat Yard: 2.50). Dr Steckel is the ideal practitioner—patient, restrained, and lucid. His new book is like a clinic; the patient is expected to profit by remarks to attendant doctors upon the technique and dangers of psychotherapy, no less than by what is addressed to him. Unlike Freud and Jung, he has a single aim, to make men well; and he looks toward neither philosophy nor mythology. Health is normality; he seeks to fit his patient for ordinary life, for the world as it is, a scene of rivalry, compromise, and platitude. He seems to encourage the acceptance of conventional ethics, without glowing conviction, but because they are an aspect of "reality," which the neurotic evades; he tries to lead an anomalous life, and is enfeebled. This point in his theory must be disquieting to the artist. Dr Steckel is curiously cold toward his reader-patient, like other doctors who offer not merely alleviation, but cure; for those who "drink of his fountain" morbidity is at an end; therefore persistence in illness is sheer obstinacy. In so far as it has been accepted, psychoanalysis has made condemnation impossible; it may undermine pity.

**CRYSTALIZING PUBLIC OPINION**, by Edward L. Bernays (8vo, 218 pages; Boni & Liveright: \$3). "The fatal metaphor of progress," says Chesterton, "which means leaving things behind us, has utterly obscured the real idea of growth, which means leaving things inside us." He might have listed another "fatal metaphor"—publicity, which means putting things in front of us. It is the larger aspects of this activity which concern Mr Bernays; he summarizes impressively the function of the modern glorified press agent—the public relations counsel. There is drama in it—how the hair-net makers fought bobbed hair, how the raisin growers recruited their iron hordes, how the packers—"realizing that hearty breakfasts were dietetically sound, suggested that a physician undertake a survey to make this medical truth articulate"—brought home the bacon. The book delves into psychology, ethics, salesmanship; it undertakes to show, in effect, how people may be divided into groups, how groups may be reduced to herds. And with herds to play with, what may not the shepherd accomplish?

**ADOLESCENT INTERESTS: A Study of the Sexual Interest and Knowledge of Young Women**, by F. I. Davenport (12mo, 62 pages; Archives of Psychology No. 66: Copyright by the author). This book records "a first attempt to apply objective methods to the field of sexual interests of women." The author, after a justifiable introductory sneer at the mystery which has been made of the "inner life" of the adolescent girl, describes his own simple source of information. "The data consisted of 880 spontaneous questions asked in writing by a group of 160 young women students (from 17 to 23 years old) . . . prior to a course in sex instruction for which the students had made personal request." These 880 questions are classified and "organized," and the author draws therefrom rather shocking though not wholly unexpected conclusions. Briefly, they are that girls have little interest in hygiene, personal or social, or in prospective motherhood, but an intense curiosity regarding sexual physiology, about which they are very ignorant and entertain extraordinary superstitions.

## COMMENT

COLUMBIA, in addition to being The Gem of Old Ocean, sports upon the five digits of one patriotically mottled hand five readable magazines. The other go-getting instrument goes, anyhow since the passing of that somewhat *rural*, and yet always essentially *cultivated*, Freeman, disconcertingly bare.<sup>1</sup> The inhabitants of the North American Continent never were much on book-larnin': formerly they inclined rather to the collecting of glass beads (pink and pistachio preferred); in our day they turn, quite as naturally, to the vari-beaded advertisements of The Atlantic Monthly and The Saturday Evening Post and other like reliable concerns. [I speak here of the normal healthy inhabitant. Just as there existed of old time a sick-stomached minority which could not digest even the most appetizingly tinted beads, so to-day there subsists, beneath The Illuminated Stream of Progress, a whitish mollusc sort, which, lacking at once the stomach to digest the brash and clanging strung pans and pots of Our Great National Advertisers and the intelligence to decipher the intelligible—absorbs (intussusceptively is, I believe, the word) the non-alcohol, non-caffeine, non-bones, non-everything personally pre-sterilized and pre-peptonized nutriment provided and dished up in their All Sunned Mush Middle Pages by those recognized Chefs for Invalids, Mr Ellery Sedgwick of Boston and Mr Cyrus Hermann Kotzschmar Curtis of Philadelphia.]

Knowing how few and how isolated we gaily continue (we who enjoy neither the nature of molluscs nor that of goats, we who number among us neither William Lyon Phelps nor Matthew Machinery Josephson) we find it much cause for patriotic satisfaction that at least five Columbian digits should gleam adorned. Piety to our original editress, the later Marchioness Ossoli, compels us, with a not unbecoming old-rose blush, to attribute THE DIAL, *Lambent*, to Columbia's index-finger. The Nation and The New Republic are,

<sup>1</sup> The Editor of THE DIAL would be the last to disparage such readable journals as The Arts, The Forum, The North American Review, and the estimable host of other such choice undertakings which, however, do not yet so publicly illuminate as to be with propriety spoken of as occupying the same ocean-going fingers.



as usual, in the relatively safe middle. The Yale Review occupies, thickly, the thumb. [New Haven Boys are taught not to point with the thumb: that is why The Yale Review never points.] On the little finger, of all human digits certainly the most disarming, buds the silk pearl, Vanity Fair. To be sure, not always quite beyond marring suspicion of Teclaism, yet, the most Senatorial of us must allow, always prettily set-up.

The Historical Development of the Soul of Vanity Fair falls, largely speaking, in two epochs. In the beginning there was the Great Rabindranath Tagore and the perhaps more boyish, yet surely not for that any the less Great, Mrs Vernon Castle. These pursued through the heavens, divergent courses; these met, upon earth, in Vanity Fair. Each in his own rhythmical sphere the acknowledged master, each yet performed, in her own very different way, *le geste bostonnais*. Each in his turn ennobled the springy parquet of the Copley-Plaza Hotel; each in her turn adorned the springy pages of Vanity Fair. This epoch we may term, for assortment purposes, the Heroic.

It is not possible, with our present imperfect data upon the inward life of The Editor from Boston, to determine with any approach to scientific finality the absolute month in which this epoch terminated. Yet terminate it indubitably did. We inhabit a generation of smaller men, of (and our new psychological apparatus<sup>1</sup> demonstrate this ironically) lesser and more mercurial faiths. As the Keltic bard aforetime observed, "The noble ones are with us no longer; the large-footed ones—with Jumbo—have passed."

Mr Gilbert Vivian Shaw-Seldes, known amongst the internationally penetrating as *le critique new-yorkais*, and Mr Clive Bell, known to all people everywhere as The Great English Critic who has—Gravid Decade upon Gravid Decade—been wrestling—both at Home and Abroad, both in Talk and in Book—with that Ultimate Problem in Aesthetics "Whether, after all," Pierre Bonnard "May not be Our Greatest Living Painter"—these twin gilded bantams now rule Mr Crowninshield's roost. They are, in Mr Frank Crowninshield's All-White Minstrel Show, the always emphatically end-men. I am second to no rustic in open-mouthed admiration for the always bouncing small-talk and always Brer

<sup>1</sup> The Latin is psychological.



Rabbit stage-business of these Paris - London - New York white-gloved, white-eyed, white-chrysanthemumed, and princely-salaried *flâneurs de luxe, africaine*.—But I am embarrassed by a memory and by a heart. I recall the Epoch Elephantine. I regret that Mr Primrose Crowninshield, Onetime Exhibitor of the Largest-Footed of God's Minstrels, should have been, with the degeneracy of an Epoch Jitney, pared down to what remain—though they come to us bearing carbuncles in their foreheads—geologically speaking, Smaller Fry.

Here is not the spot to advertise the wit and wisdom of Mr Gilbert Vivian Shaw-Seldes, Sga.: Seven Lively Arts,<sup>1</sup> on Seven Hundred Deadly Stages, yodel them.

But his lively pendant, Mr Bell, in Vanity Fair for April courts attention. Writing of the DIAL folio by and large, as is his way, Mr Bell regrets my failure to include nine more Parisian artists—all of whom, as well as the more important Georges Braque (whom, I take it, Mr Bell forgot) making an even ten, I could easily have included by merely raising the price to one hundred dollars and selling dog-carts to go with the folio. Mr Bell would have slightly facilitated these generous and sweeping inclusions by the expulsion of one German-Italian, one Scandinavian, one Englishman, and two Americans. This *international* folio of contemporary art would then have been, aristocratically, 72% Paris Pure: in fact it registers, apologetically, only 46% Parisian.

One wonders why Mr Bell sticks on in London. Artistically speaking, it remains, as Mr Bell would be the first to recognize, the always intriguingly provincial capital of a sometimes somewhat tryingly suburban empire. Bedded betwixt the economical cold-mutton of British Cookery and the extravagant cold-mutton of Augustus John, Mr Clive Bell must, pretty steadily, dream dreams. It is to his international credit that he rests not; that (if I may be permitted to misquote Mistress Pistol) 'a babbles of Bonnard.

London, whatsoever its aesthetic tang, remains, for naval reasons, conspicuous. Being unwilling to break the heart of the British Empire, I included three (3) London artists in Living Art. To check them up with Paris is not in order here. Two of them flourish in the sunlight of Mr Bell's own admonitory gusto:

<sup>1</sup> The Seven Lively Arts, by Gilbert Seldes (8vo, 448 pages; Harper: \$4).

Mr Clive Bell, who has thrown overboard so much of England, yet retains, in a finely notable degree, the eminently British virtue of loyalty to friends: Duncan Grant and Frank Dobson are provided for, richly.

Cliques were ever the appointed scourges of small-town life. Contemporary London rejoices in this pester. The sewing-circle of Mr Ezra Pound was never the sewing-circle of Mr Clive Bell: they differ, among other things, in their pronunciation of the word "Bonnard." Now Mr Wyndham Lewis has for his sins (and those familiar with his paintings know how unambiguous these can be) been bumbled about, been advertised about, been vorticized about, by the late, the gesticulatingly late, Mr Ezra Pound. So Mr Bell, objecting to Mr Lewis' company in Living Art, patly and neatly expostulates, he goes "by another train." So he does. By another train than Mr Bell's The London Group. This Wyndham Lewis, about whom Mr Ezra Pound has talked more bunk than even Mr Ezra Pound has talked upon any other sub- or trans-lunary subject, remains, for all that, the one really distinguished draughtsman that England has, since Aubrey Beardsley, owned. He possesses a violent integrity of line which is not English. Decidedly, he goes by another train.

As to our own Alfeo Faggi, Mr Bell supposes "there must be scores of better sculptors in America." As a friend of Alfeo Faggi, as a sincere admirer of his art, I at first resented this aspersion. Later, as a Patriot, I welcomed it. For even the hyperbolic Mr Clive Bell could never assert that there are in England "scores of better sculptors than Frank Dobson."

Since Mr Bell excludes Boardman Robinson and Ernesto de Fiori quite *sans phrase*, it does not appear appropriate to laud here men of whom the reproductions of their work in the DIAL folio are, after that work itself, the adequate defence. But "if he felt that some Scandinavian artist should be included, why prefer Edvard Munch to the incomparably superior Per Krohg?" Here it is apposite to point out that Edvard Munch lives and works the year round in Norway, and that Per Krohg winters in Paris, and that Mr Clive Bell cherishes the ennobling custom of Handley-Pageing across La Manche to *déjeuner* on the *rive droite*, and that this inspiring British firm has not yet opened up Scandinavia for *déjeuner* and critics. Clive Bell is a man of very real aesthetic perception: if

he had the ghost of a notion what he is here saying, he simply couldn't say it. If he had seen more than one first-rate thing by Edvard Munch he must have acquired some inkling of this to him foreign idiom. He must have perceived that while Per Krohg is a painter not to be sneezed at, Edvard Munch is, shortly, a Master. This is not a subject for aesthetic controversy; this is a case for Thomas Cook.

On second thought, I fancy Mr Clive Bell would rather leave Cook Tours to The President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. We must, I fear, await that perhaps not too distant August day when one of Mr Bell's host of yachting friends (preferably at Cowes) will invite him to hop aboard, pop across, and twig the Norwegian Fjords. Mr Bell will glide recalling that although neither Monsieur Pierre Bonnard nor Lady Diana Manners Duff Cooper has yet taken up Fjords, yet Childe Harold also voyaged. Discursive in a putty-coloured wicker-chair upon the Oregon-pine quarter-deck of the soft-coal Yacht Daphne, he will read, to a small circle, Scotch and Syphon to hand, Manfred. Having made their perpendicular port, the brassy satin-wood-mounted cannonette having à la King Charles's Spaniel barked, and the all-Brummagem anchor-chain having, in a forthright noisy Britannia-rules-the-iron-deposits sort of way, brawled out, Mr Bell, tracking Childe Harold, will, in the duck-upholstered, pneumatic-cushioned yachting, be mahoganily rowed and set ashore. He will, wading disconsolately upon un-Gallic beaches, happen upon an *indigène* painting. He will make one of those rare discoveries which are the chief joys and perquisites of an open-hearted amateur's many-joyed existence.

Although not Mr Bell's regular publishers, we are thus in a position to announce that this author's next volume will be entitled "Significant Munch."

## THE THEATRE

SOME of the events for which a dramatic critic pines long in vain have occurred on the New York stage since the preceding chronicle. It had always been hoped by friendly observers that a play by Miss Zoë Akins would be produced which wouldn't have a leg to stand on; and this has happened. The direction was excellent, and the two chief rôles were obviously played with full sympathy for the author's emotions and ideas. I am told that *THE MOON-FLOWER* is still packing them in—well, at least paying its way. But that Miss Akins' appeal is to the least intelligent, to those of the thinnest blood, the feeblest grasp on life, is finally established. Naturally there has been some talk of the lady's intentions in the matter; was she, for the purposes of a Sunday review, being ironical about these dukes and courtesans and idiot-boys? I've read them all. I am convinced that whatever else she possesses, she has not the creative gift; she hasn't even the constructive gift; and her wit is without pungency or tone. The creative gift is visible in *FATA MORGANA*, a play entirely of the second order, where emotion and irony are mixed neatly and successfully. The difference is that in the second play the dramatist has created his little life in the framework of the theatre; improbabilities occur; consider it calmly, and you doubt whether the boy as played by Morgan Farley would be attracted by the woman as played by Emily Stevens. The author has passed beyond our *woulds* to saying, with authority, that it did happen. And this feeling, that it happened, Miss Akins cannot give us.

*FATA MORGANA* is, by the way, a rather tormenting play, and one does wish Miss Stevens had understood her obligations better. But it has life and interest; and the play in which Miss Elsie Ferguson and Mr Sidney Blackmer do some of the least interesting acting in years, has no life, not even artificial life, whatever.

The other longed-for event is in *THE OUTSIDER*. In it, I say, because *THE OUTSIDER* itself is neither a fine nor a great play; it is rather simply affecting, like emotional melodrama. But it took Miss Katherine Cornell out of a play which required her talents,

yet was never worthy of them (*THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN*) and put her in one making no demands whatever, one which seems to look gratefully into her eyes at the first sign of acting. And in this play Miss Cornell acts superbly. The play is about an unauthorized practitioner, one who has invented a machine to cure hip disease. Spurned as an outsider by the Fellows of the Royal Medical Society, he wins his way by persuading the crippled daughter of the greatest of them to try his rack; and after disheartening trials, succeeds. Miss Cornell plays this daughter. That she gives the character richness of texture, embodies it, in the true sense of the word, can be assumed. Her delicacy and lightness of touch, too. It impressed me that Miss Cornell acted as Chaliapin acts, seeming to derive her strength not from what she did to the audience, but from her effect upon the other players; she seemed to create moods about her, and these moods, coming thus at second-hand upon the audience, were doubly potent. It means that Miss Cornell's art springs from something alive, that there is something ardent at the core. Her intelligence and her grace were needed here, too; grace to invest a small thing with all the beauty it could bear, and intelligence not to despise it for being small.

*SPRING CLEANING* is a play of last year, omitted in the crush of other matters at the time. It still flourishes, because it has a kind of wit which seems to be the author's own property at this moment. Frederick Lonsdale is his name and he is, I hear, English; the play is rather continental. The expedient of bringing a harlot to a dinner party in order to show a frivolous wife the depravity of her companions is dubious as logic and as drama, one would say; but it serves. And before this "big" act and after, Mr Lonsdale's wit plays fiery rings around his characters. The conversation is much more outspoken than most one hears either here or abroad, and it is not particularly the use of an occasionally ugly name that gives one a start. It is the direct and witty expression of turns of mind, deviations from the polite into the drastic and actual.

Having visited a number of theatres without pleasure, I returned to *POPPY*. Mr Fields is grand.

GILBERT SELDES

## MODERN ART

AS nearly as one may dissect the pleasure that a portion of the community takes in the Sargent exhibition, which is still charming dollars from pockets unaccustomed to paying dollars for art exhibitions, it lies in a pleased surprise at the good appearance we make. We are, or we were in the 'nineties, better form than we suspected. At the present day form, as far as I can make out, is not much of a preoccupation with any people—the war seems to have dissolved form—yet even in the hilarity of our new prosperity it is apparent that the tradition of “quality” is not quite so dead but that surviving members of the former cult may *réchauffer* themselves at such embers of it as Mr Sargent’s art provides.

We have all, of course, with great readiness, accustomed ourselves to the *rôles* that fate has recently thrust upon us. We not only submit to, but enjoy, being grandees; and, recalling some of our experiences of a dozen years ago, rather think we have improved upon the model then extant in the way of world leaders. We seldom betray impatience at the importunate princes and lesser nobles that now besiege our doors; and as a rule we are uncritically willing to know and to feed them. In the rush of accommodation to the new life, there is little chance to indulge in our old vice of introspection; but occasionally at odd moments we do recall the time when any European had it in him to make us feel second-class. Between the Daisy Miller who had the “tournure of a princess” and was so pitifully unable to cope with a hotel courier, and the Newport ladies in *The International Episode* who so unaccountably crumbled in the presence of a duchess, there is not now, we recollect with astonishment, so very much to choose. Indeed the average citizen of to-day is altogether likely to agree with Mr Howells in thinking Daisy Miller a “supreme effect of the American attitude towards womanhood” and in considering the Newport ladies cheap. Their failure certainly was a less bearable kind than Daisy Miller’s. Some of the stain left by this and all of Henry James’ later accusations against us is what the current exhibition dissipates.

I don’t suppose the gratification is a deep one—how could it be in the intoxication that sweeps New York at present?—but it



nevertheless soothes in the midst of so many new distractions to discover that even a generation ago we were not so bad. It is as though a *parvenu* were to be unexpectedly blessed with a grandfather. In this case one should say grandmother, since it is the elderly women in the show who do us proud. The men, with the single exception of Mr Joseph Pulitzer, all go to pieces as human beings, but several of the old ladies are to be seen spiritually intact, and, as though that were not enough, nicely costumed. The Victorian and Second Empire dowagers really had nothing on Mr Sargent's examples whatsoever; and seeing this, it is all the more surprising that the daughters, several of whom are prettily indicated by the artist, should have undergone the European abasements that Henry James said they did. It is as a sort of social register that Mr Sargent succeeds. His sensitiveness to scale is amusingly illustrated in his portrait of dear Ada Rehan, who it now appears, was not—how shall I say it?—not quite a lady—and not being a lady therefore not interesting, or at least, not to Mr Sargent. He scarcely considered her worth drawing properly, and the less said about the arms that hold the immense fan the better. A social register, however, is a not unuseful achievement. It has been remarked that the historians who accuse Horace Walpole of light-mindedness quote more steadily from him than from any other Englishman of his time. Without pretending that Mr Sargent spoke for his 'nineties with the authority of a Walpole—for Horace occasionally looked below the surface and plumbed depths—nevertheless the record he accomplished makes a vivacious accompaniment to the histories of the two decades—the 'eighties and 'nineties—that are now being rounded out by the recent critics into an appreciable period.

It is not deep work. It is not finished work. In one technical feature, and in only one, it is first-rate. The "values" everywhere are unerring and superb. The colour used in the interiors is acceptable but undistinguished. The colour in the outdoor things is commonplace; in fact Mr Sargent's whole point of view towards landscape is commonplace in the extreme. And finally, the drawing is uncertain. Everywhere in the New York exhibition we see arms that are awkwardly attached to torsos, and torsos that lack the support of legs. Even the Higginson ears lapse out of construction! In a loftier form of arm, errors of hand can easily be



overlooked; but here where everything is passionless and superficial, the very great brush dexterity that is held out to us as a recompense is not enough. Not enough at least to enchain permanent interest.

I ought to add, I suppose, for those who like concrete statements, that I infinitely prefer Sargent to Sir Thomas Lawrence, but that I rate him well below Manet, Cézanne, Reynolds, and Gainsborough.

For the sake of the record I must mention immediately an artist to whom I permit any use or misuse of the medium he wishes. When an artist has so much spirit as Charles Burchfield, he is immune from criticism. Mr Burchfield, it will be remembered, is the young man who lived in Salem, Ohio, and hated it. His water-colours interpreting his feeling in regard to that place made a veritable sensation when shown here some years ago—they were so very vehement. The rules for the polite usage of water-colours had been absolutely ignored by the artist. He used *gouache* in a manner that was positively indecent, and expanded his sizes until Mr Brangwyn himself would have been revolted; but no one that I have heard of seemed to mind. On the contrary the lustiness of the new artist's arraignments of Salem, Ohio, so enchanted everyone that there was only one fear—that success might soften Mr Burchfield's heart and subsequently his style. But the new collection of his drawings in the Montross Galleries shows that we were unduly alarmed. Mr Burchfield is as savagely satiric as ever, and his art has grown in sureness and compactness. It seems likely that much must be written of this man, but already we may delightedly enscroll him upon our small list of hundred-percenters.

HENRY MCBRIDE

## MUSICAL CHRONICLE

**S**TRAWINSKY cuts in hardest stone. Like sculptural blocks the volumes flow through time. No music is more honest, less tricky and deceptive with emotional wave lengths, effective cleverness, subjective churning. His is brute rather, forthright, frank, bold. In the biting acrobatic line, no evasive something. Softness seems to have disappeared with the subordinated violins. In the mass of sound no smoky thickness. *Le Sacre*, the Symphonies, lie in sunlight positive of edge and hard of surface, each trait of reed, each jerk of rhythm certain and nude. The hand can grasp them.

This is no member of Milhaud and Company, or any intellectualizing group, full of the moral will to be hard, brutal, realistic, tough, precise; loudly scornful of all soaring and violin music; swanking with realism, radios, advertisements, jazz. A sharp emotional clarity has driven Strawinsky's medium. He merely is what he is very completely; lives it undiluted by conflicts and timidities in unreserved fulness. The vision and the man are one, and the man shares in the living elements of his time: first, its primitivity: as H. Seligmann puts it, "mumbo-jumbo savages on Fifth Avenue wearing dead animals and birds just as savages would"; man in terror of the uncontrollable forces this time not out in nature, but in his own psyche; machine-like movements of the poor individual driven by indifferent herd-powers; reversion backward *en masse* to the beating of war-drums; neurotics transporting about with them dark pieces of the savage mind. Irony; primitive coachman legs; being Indian and terribly *chez soi*, gave him Petrouchka. Animality; joyous playfulness; a certain childish cruelty, Renard. Spiritual *négligé* again, *gaminerie* and wit, *L'Histoire du Soldat*. Emotional exhibition never came into the matter, nor decorative exaltation, hieratic gesture, atmosphere of Bayreuth. The man feels realistically, unsentimentally. The ideas subconsciously synthesized, for everything in the artist becomes aesthetic, flew hot off the bat of life, weighty like dreadnaughts of solid steel, graceless as street-boys their fingers ever at their nose's tip, powerful, pungent, and snotty all at once. No

rationalizing mind introduced and spoilt their freshness, informality. Electric sight singled out precisely what it wanted of its medium; realized its intentions relentlessly to the full; held each instrument, singly or in groups, each chord or phrase, exactly to the character demanded of it; and permitted the whole to stand without excuse for what it is. Strawinsky called *Le Sacre* an act of faith. He brings the image of the great classic artisan into the world among us.

The first section of *Le Sacre* gives him at his perfectest. There the many ideas, so penetrating, savage, and powerful, are welded by a profound inner thrust into a unity long and sustained, one feels, like the span of a cantilever bridge. In the other compositions the cohesion is never as completely established. The second section of the *Sacre*, astounding and packed with strange blood-knowledge as it is, falls slightly more into separate ideas. The want of an inner unifying principle is plainly noticeable in *Le Chant du Rossignol*. And the Symphonies, for all their machine-perfectness and refinement, suffer slightly from the same absence. These concordances for wind instruments, the last of the Russian's work to reach us, give with cruel precision a naturalistic picture of a state of grief and deprivation. For restrained poignancy the last dirge-like march of the brass is to be compared only with certain pages of Moussorgsky. Nevertheless the form appears a little too intellectually generated; one gropes for an inevitable inner logic. It seems there is some last intensity that does not come readily to Strawinsky, clear as his passions are. Great form is the product of that last lower level of consciousness where expression is merely stammering and clumsy gesture. In the first part of *Le Sacre* Strawinsky achieved the basic adamantine form of the thing which seems always to have been here. The music sets a standard by which most orchestral compositions seem lacking or small. But it set a standard also for Strawinsky; he can do the ultimate thing when he is not too busy talking.

PAUL ROSENFELD

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